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9 May 1962



London Fashion

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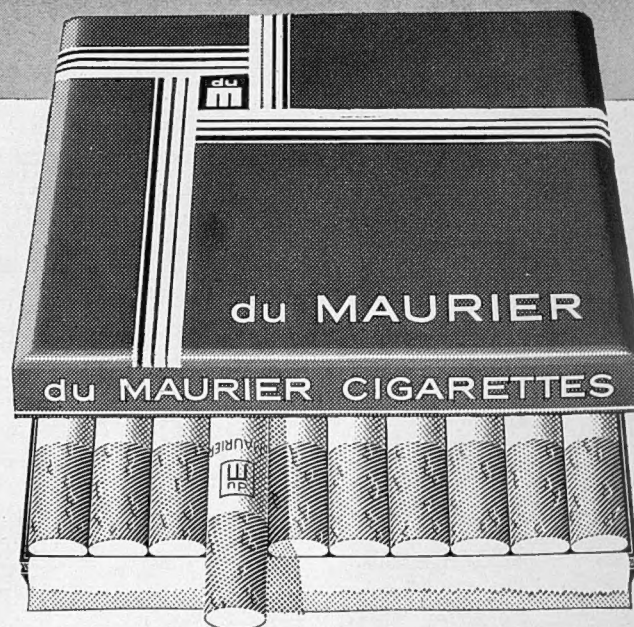
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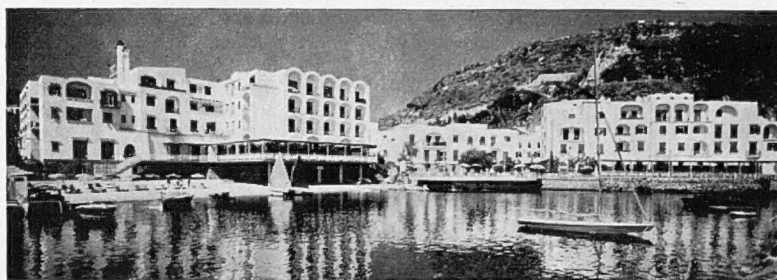
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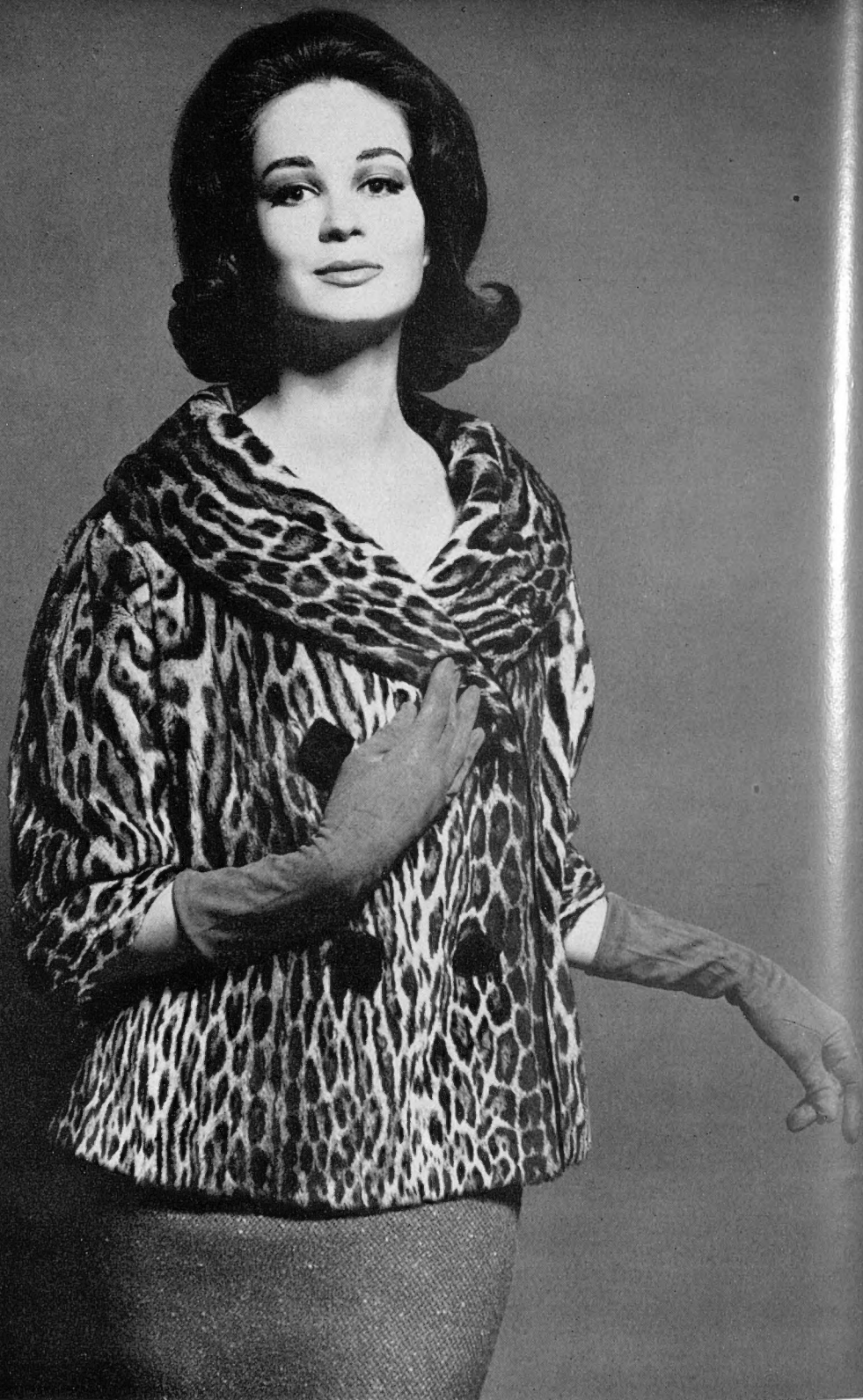
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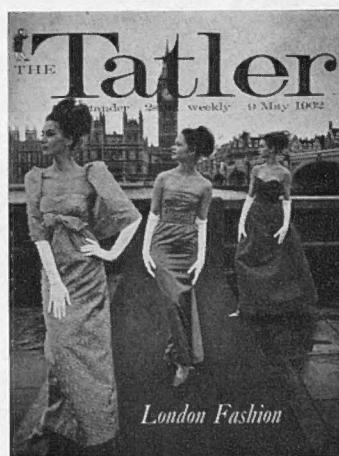
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

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The London Look in fashion at its dramatic best. The long evening gowns on the cover were designed specially for the Tatler by three prominent members of the Fashion House Group of London. Frederick Starke made the ballgown in the foreground in gold Sekers brocade; Susan Small designed the gold satin strapless dress in the middle; the orange corded silk and regal purple at the back comes from Jean Allen. Cherry felt by Mitchells, Ashworth, Stansfield, is available from Marshall & Snelgrove. Westminster setting photographed by Barry Warner

A case of love at first sight

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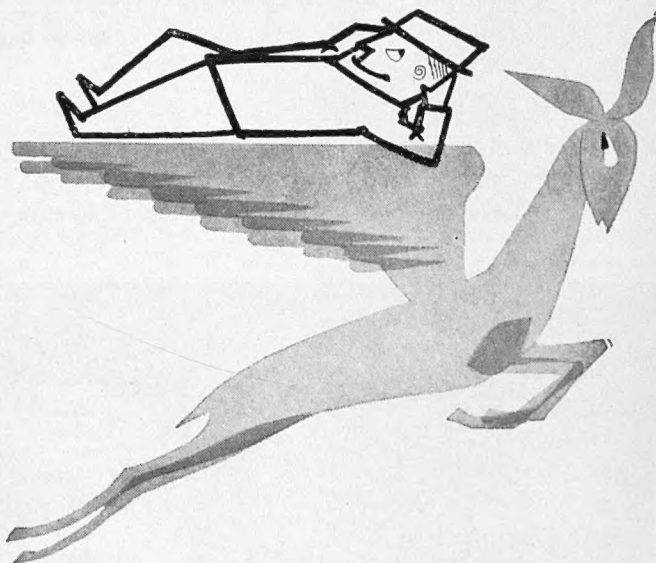
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen will attend a Soirée given by the Royal Society of Medicine, 21 May, at the Society's house, 1 Wimpole Street.

Chelsea Flower Show, Private View on 22 May. Open to public 23-25 May.

Pied Piper Ball (in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.), Hyde Park Hotel, 10 May. (Tickets, inc. supper, £2 15s., from Lady Ogilvy, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.)

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, 10-12 May.

Ocean racing: R.O.R.C. Lyme Bay to Southsea race, start 18.30 hours, 11 May.

Parliamentary Golf: Lords v. Commons, Walton Heath Golf Club, Surrey, 12 May.

Royal Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House, 14 May. (Tickets, £3 15s., inc. dinner, or £2 15s. ball only, from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., Grosvenor House.)

Old House Gardens (the property of the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava), Marlborough, Tunbridge Wells, on 12 May & 30 June, 11 a.m.-9 p.m., in aid of the Horder Centre for the Deaf. Admission 2s. 6d.

Floral Luncheon, in aid of Lord Roberts Workshops, Savoy, 17 May. Speakers, Viscount Kilmauir and Mr. Alexander Wright. (Tickets, £2 10s., from the Secretary, Floral Luncheon, 35 Marlborough Street, S.W.7. KEN 6663.)

Tenants Ball, Savoy Hotel, 17 May, in aid of the National Fund for Research into Poliomyelitis. (Tickets, £3 inc. dinner, from Miss Frances M. May, 29 Lissenden Mansions,

Lissenden Gardens, London, N.W.5.)

May Flower Ball, Grosvenor House, 23 May. (Tickets from Mrs. J. F. Lloyd, 18 Grosvenor Square, W.1.)

Tidworth Horse Trials, Tidworth, Hampshire. 18-20 May.

Hampshire Red Cross Ball, Red Cross H.Q., Weeke, Winchester, 18 May. (Tickets from Red Cross H.Q.)

Golf: Curtis Cup Trials, Hallamshire Golf Club, Sheffield, 18-19 May.

Glyndebourne Festival, 21 May-19 August.

Doncaster Bloodstock Sales, Doncaster racecourse stables, 22 May.

Croquet: Oxford v. Cambridge croquet match, Hurlingham Club, 10.30 a.m., 23 May.

Old Haileyburians Centenary Ball, Hurlingham Club. 25 May.

Aldershot Beagles Summer Hunt Ball, Officers Club, Aldershot, 1 June. (Hon. Sec., Michael Poland, Esq., Downlands, Liphook, Hants.)

MAY & COMMEMORATION BALLS

Keble College, Oxford, Summer Ball, 1 June.

Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week Dance, 2 June.

Jesus College, Oxford, Eights Week Ball, 2 June.

First & Third Trinity Boat Club May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Peterhouse May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Clare College May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Pembroke College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

St. John's College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

Jesus College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

King's College May Ball, Cambridge, 20 June.

Queen's College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

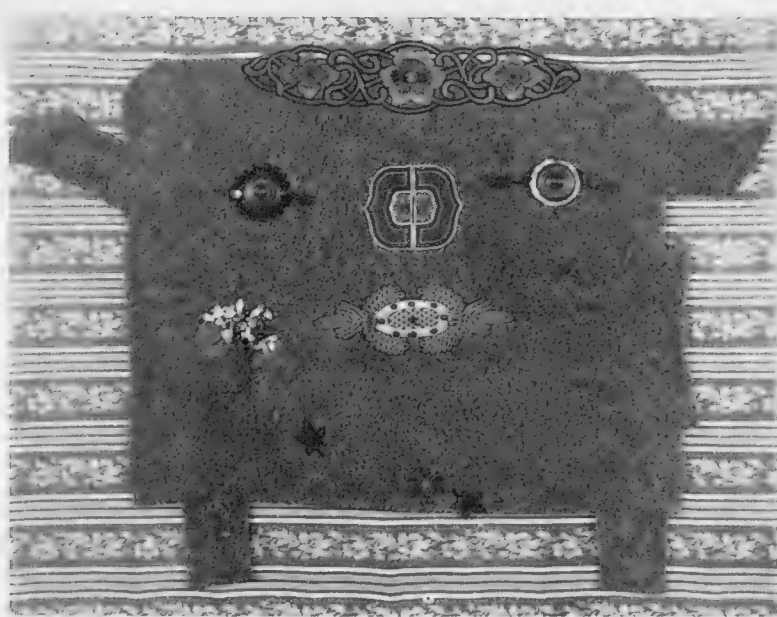
University College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

New College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball, 25 June.

Oriel College, Commemoration Ball, Oxford, 27 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Chester, today; Kempton Park, Pontefract, 11, 12; Chepstow, New-



“Animal,” by Italian-born Enrico Baj, who is having an exhibition at the Sevenarts Gallery until 26 May. From jumble sale materials, Baj compiles disturbing “ultra-bodies” like this one, and occasionally attains top spectator-involvement by sticking pieces of broken mirror to his work

castle, Ayr, 12; Ayr, 14; Brighton, Wolverhampton, 14, 15; York, 15-17 May. Steeplechasing: Fontwell Park, today; Stratford-on-Avon, 10; Market Rasen, Uttoxeter, Towcester, 12; Southwell, 14, 15 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: *La Bohème*, tonight, 14 May; *Madama Butterfly* (last performance), 12 May, 7.30 p.m.; *Aida*, 11, 15, 18 May, 7 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: *Napoli*, *Flower Festival At Genzano* (pas de deux), *Les Sylphides*, *The Rite Of Spring*, 10, 16 May, 7.30 p.m. *Giselle*, 2.15 p.m., 12 May.

Royal Festival Hall: Royal Philharmonic, conductor Georges Pretre, with Victoria De Los Angeles, 8 p.m., 11 May; Lucerne Festival Strings, 3 p.m., 13 May; Philharmonia, conductor Sir Adrian Boult, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone), in a Busoni programme, 8 p.m., 14 May. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera: *Orpheus In The*

Underworld, to 12 May, & 21-26 May; Welsh National Opera Company, 14-19 May; *The Mikado*, 29 May-23 June. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

Open Air Paintings, Embankment Gardens, to 11 May.

Ecole de Paris Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 17 June.

Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

Wolmark, Osterweil, Abjajan, Larrriere, Upper Grosvenor Gallery, to 18 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *The Lower Depths*, tonight.

Globe Theatre. *The Private Ear*, and *The Public Eye*, 10 May.

Theatre Royal, Margate. *Misery Me!* 14 May.

Mermaid Theatre. *Lock Up Your Daughters*, 17 May.

BRIGGS by Graham



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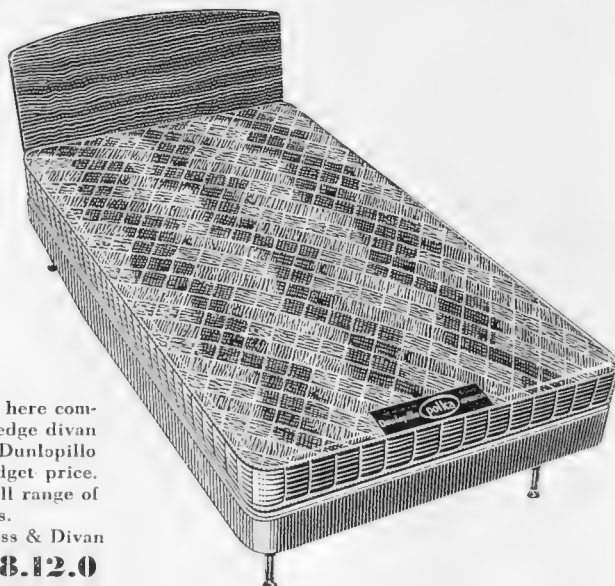
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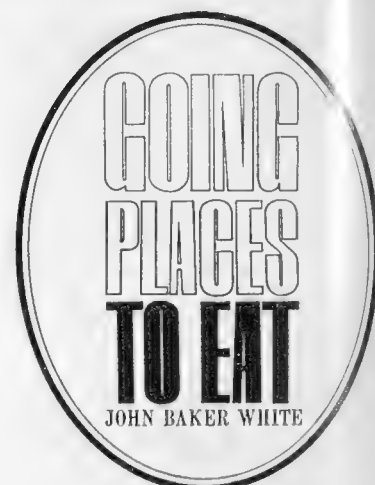
Food of the rainbow

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

Peter Evans Eating House, 115/121 Finchley Road, a few yards South of Swiss Cottage Station. (PRI 4990.) Open midday to midnight for luncheon and dinner seven days a week. On two floors, the available space has been used with ingenuity. As with the three other Evans establishments David Hicks has done the decor, and in my opinion has scored a winner, with what, on analysis, is a mixture of blue, violet, green, black, pink and gold. The menu and prices conform to the same pattern as the others. Here I ate for the first time, and enjoyed, smoked swordfish. W.B.

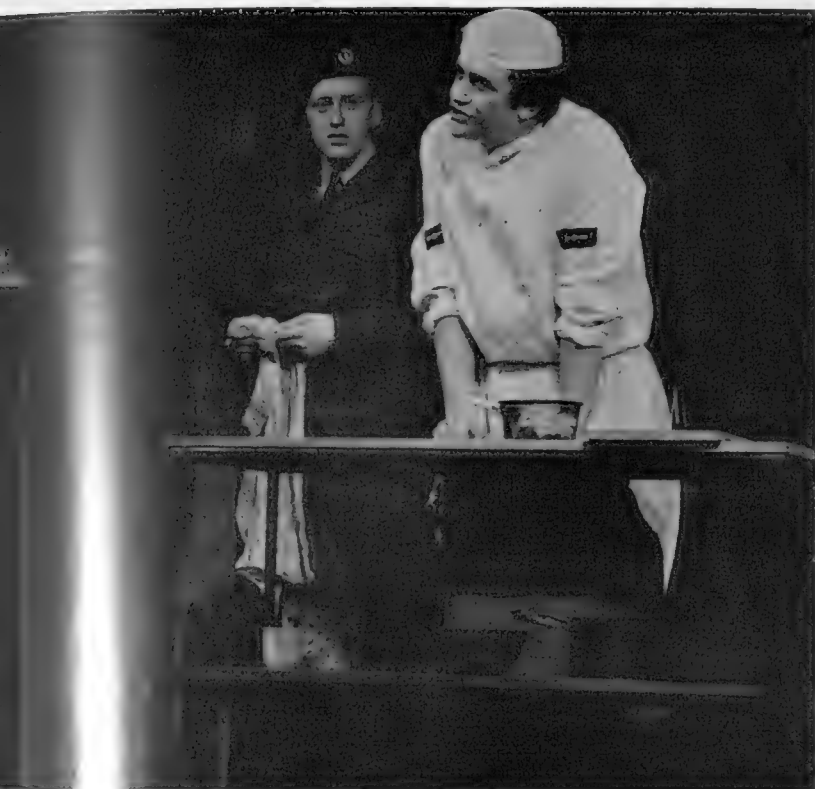
The Hideaway, Fulham Road, just out of Sydney Street. Open for luncheon and dinner, 6.30-8.30 p.m. Not licensed. If the 15 per



cent on chocolates or the capital gains tax has upset your personal budget, this is the place for you. Luncheon costs 5s. The 6s. 6d. dinner I ate, and enjoyed, was a home-made soup, unassisted by tin or packet, a tasty Hungarian goulash, and fresh fruit salad. There is also an à la carte menu with the main dishes ranging from 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. It is small, simple

PEOPLE IN PICTURES

Left: Gyorgy Czifra, the Hungarian pianist who will be making two B.B.C. television appearances this month. The first, on 16 May, is a 15-minute impromptu rehearsal film with the pianist in shirtsleeves. His more formal dress is for a 30-minute programme he will give in the Recital series. Below: An R.A.F. cook gets lyrical over the broth. Nicol Williamson as S.A.C. Albert Meakin, and James Booth as A.C.2 Neville Harrison in a scene from Henry Livings' play *Nil Carborundum*, the second in the Royal Shakespeare Company's productions at the Arts Theatre



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

and endless. The welcome given to a diner was much friendlier than that at some far more pretentious and expensive establishments.

Folkestone find

Charles's Grill, 124a Sandgate Road, Folkestone. (Tel. 3668.) In this smallish, unpretentious but friendly restaurant some first-class cooking is to be had, at a cost that will not upset your holiday budget. The chef is Italian; the former chef, also Italian, is now *maitre d'hotel*, which seems to be an admirable arrangement to secure good cooking. Considerable thought has been put into the wine list. The restaurant is well situated for shopping or the sea. W.B. weekend and summer.

Wine note

AT THE WINE MINE CLUB'S NINTH meeting, Peter Dominic presented a wine new to Britain. It is a Bigot & Fils Touraine Blanc de

Blancs from Noyer, a white, dry, and, I thought, pleasant wine, eminently suitable for drinking with fish. At the tasting it was married to a smoked buckling. It should be served at cellar temperature, and will cost 12s. per bottle. Incidentally, why are London hotels and restaurants so reluctant to put Blanc de Blancs wines on their lists?

... and a reminder

Henri's, Maiden Lane (TEM 1358.) Specializes in grills and fish. New. Run by Goodhears.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street, off Leicester Square. (TEM 0542.)

First-class French cooking with the patron in the kitchen and his wife in charge of the restaurant.

Brusa's Fifty Restaurant, 50 St. Martin's Lane. (TEM 1913.) A

wide range of first-class Italian cooking and consequently many long-standing regular customers.

Grosvenor Hotel restaurant, Victoria (VIC 9494.) This is one of the restaurants that makes a speciality of its cold table.



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Off-duty but still in the groove: *Four principals of the new revue England Our England at the Prince's Theatre, photographed informally in a handy backyard. They are Roy Kinnear, Barry Ingham, Billie Whitelaw & Murray Melvin. The revue, by Keith Waterhouse & Willis Hall, has music by Dudley Moore of Beyond The Fringe fame. John Dexter directs*

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*One good fur deserves another. Leopard
co-stars with beaver in this coat from
Bradleys summer collection, price 512 gns.*



Peter Clark photo

Young holidays

I HAVE BEEN CONDUCTING A CASUAL poll among young people, asking how and where they like to holiday. Which come first: beaches, night life, sightseeing or shopping? Should holidays be brief and expensive, or spun out for a longer time on a more frugal level? Is it better to travel light and alone, or in a group?

First, I talked to pretty **Julia Cooper-Key** (18), who works at Presents in Dover Street. Oddly enough, working in a shop has not dimmed her appetite for shopping because she lists gay shops as her first consideration. Second to that, amusing places to go at night. Then beaches, and lastly sightseeing. "I had a very Ritz holiday last year, and though it lasted only for a week it felt like much longer, because we did so much: cruising from Monte Carlo to Naples in a yacht, getting up early to swim, staying up late to dance . . . I think on the whole I like that as an idea—I'd rather have a really gay and expensive holiday, however brief. Easily my favourite place is Capri—you can shop there till midnight! And it's fun because there are things to dress up for, and a great gaiety about the place. I like to travel in a group: a small one, say four to six—because then you can divide



up and don't all have to do the same things. Of the places I most want to go to, I think the Greek islands."

Alison Cook-Hurle (23), a secretary who works on a magazine, had quite different views. She rated sightseeing number one, thought that night life and beaches tied for second place and put shops last. "There are not all *that* many things you can't buy in London, and unless one is looking for antiques or odd local jewellery, I think shop-trailing is rather a waste of time. If only I could stay anywhere for a month, on however little money, I'd do it. Alas, it so often has to be three days!" In fact, she has travelled extensively in the States and Mexico, which she lists as her favourite place. "But if it has to be Europe, then

Venice and the north of Italy because of all the galleries and churches and museums to see. Of the places I have never visited, I think Russia is the one I want to see most. For all kinds of reasons—its strangeness, the fact that it is so difficult to explore—because I wouldn't stop at just the obvious places—and because I feel that there must be so many wonderful old buildings and old churches, probably neglected now but still worth looking for. I don't really like travelling alone, but on the other hand one's companions must be chosen *very* carefully: never more than two, three at the most."

Tom Hustler, a regular TATLER photographer, told me that his most successful holiday had been with two other men with whom he shared a flat: "An admirable arrangement, because if one of us decided to free-lance, the other two could keep each other company. I don't think that travelling in mixed parties is ever a success, it always leads to a contretemps of some kind. Then one has to choose people whose views on money spending coincide with one's own. Personally, I like to economize in order to be extravagant: stay in the cheapest of hotels—after all, you only have to sleep there—in order to spend money on water skiing, on a really dishy restaurant, or in the casino. To me, the

Lebanon has the things that matter most—beaches, sunshine, water skiing, night life. But I'd like to see Nassau and the West Indies."

Following up on the most out-of-the-way of these suggestions, that of travelling in Russia, I have been making inquiries. The standard Moscow/Leningrad trail has by now been almost as well trodden as its counterpart in the United States, of New York, Washington and Chicago. But because even free-lance travel in Russia must have all the I's dotted and all the T's crossed as to exactly where one travels, and when, it seems that a carefully selected tour with a competent guide is the better part. Experts in this, as in Balkan travel in general, are International Travel Services of 7 Haymarket. For an inclusive £274 per head, with travel on a first-class basis throughout and return flights by jet, they offer an interesting 14-day tour whose emphasis is on art and architecture. It is a journey from Moscow to southern Georgia, taking in Leningrad, Bulnara, Tashkent, Tbilisi and Samarkand with a civilized amount of free, unorganized time in each. Departures are 7 May and 1 September, but they have various other regular tours, of which an example is 15 days between Moscow and Yalta for £135.



DESMOND O'NEILL



A. F. KERSTING

YOUNG CHOICES: *The Lebanon (above, modern buildings on the front at Beirut) offers sun, sport and night life. Monte Carlo (left) appeals for a Ritz spell in the sun*

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THE TATLER
9 MAY 1962



The Princess flies over

The rider is Princess Anne, head up, tongue slightly out, hands well placed as she takes a fence on her pony Bandit whose stirrups are equipped with rubber safety bands—the Queen uses them too. The eleven-year-old Princess—her name did not appear on the programme—came second and won a rosette in a novice event at the Garth Pony Club hunter trials at Binfield. Overleaf more pictures of Princess Anne at Windsor Great Park where she watched Prince Philip play polo for the Foot Guards in the Combermere Cup. Muriel Bowen writes on page 340



PONIES' ROYAL WEEK

In Windsor Great Park, Princess Anne (*below & right*) looked after Prince Philip's gear while he played polo. At Ascot, the Queen (*far right*) presented awards at a Ponies of Britain event



Hampshire hunter trials for the young entry



Bridget Sherlock grooming Strawberry, on which she won a class for Junior Pairs



Jane Crichton makes final adjustments to Blue Boy before entering the ring for the Senior Pairs



The Queen presents a rosette to the exhibitor of Mr. C. Noakes's Snowball, second prizewinner at the Ponies of Britain Stallion Show at Ascot racecourse. On left is the founder and chairman, Mrs. Glenda Spooner

Brilliant sunshine put a finishing touch to good organisation at the hunter trials held by the Hampshire Hunt branch of the Pony Club at Manor Farm, Colemore, near Alton. The joint-Master, Mrs. H. K. Goschen, presented the prizes

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Merle Patrick, daughter of organiser Mr. Norman Patrick, on Runwick Star



Julia Fuller takes Magpie over a fence



Major P. P. C. Lewis on Victory, and his daughter Susan on Whitsun in the Family Pairs

THE MASTER MARRIES



Left, Mrs. Ian Skimming, the bride's mother, receiving guests with her husband. Above, Mrs. Stephen Darlot, aunt of the bride. Right, Mrs. E. Cooper-Key

The Hon. Lucius Cary, the Master of Falkland, only son of Viscount Falkland, of Tower Park, Fowey, and of the Hon. Mrs. C. M. Cary, of Quay Cottage, Brixham, was married to Miss Caroline Anne Butler, only daughter of Lt. Cdr. Gerald Butler, R.N., and of Mrs. Ian Skimming of Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

MURIEL BOWEN *reports*

THE PONY WORLD RECEIVED A TREMENDOUS fillip during the school holidays with the **Prince of Wales** and **Princess Anne** competing for the first time in jumping and gymkhana events. The Princess, who is brave as a lion, made her debut at the Garth Hunt Pony Club hunter trials. Riding Bandit, a pony that enjoys jumping as much as his young rider, she won a second prize. The Princess first started to ride about six years ago, and much of the credit for her exceptionally good seat must go to Miss Sybil Smith who gave the Princess her first riding lessons. The Prince of Wales back from Cheam had his first taste of horsey competition a week later when he took part in a gymkhana at Ascot organized in aid of the local Roman Catholic Church. He shared a first prize with five others.

Princess Anne like many in her age group is very much part of the pony world. The jeans and windcheater she wears down at Windsor are usually liberally covered with Bandit's white hairs and behind the scenes at the polo on Smith's Lawn she's the most enthusiastic groom in sight. When Prince Philip jumps from a steaming polo pony it is his daughter who comes

with a bucket of water and starts the messy job of washing it down! After that comes plenty of elbow grease as the saddle is cleaned. Three weeks ago the Princess joined the Pony Club, and on current form she'll be hard to beat when it comes to stable management in those Club tests.

If the national trend is anything to go by the Prince of Wales is never likely to be as pony-minded as his sister. Of the Pony Club's 31,043 members (it goes up 1,000/2,000 a year) there are only 6,000 boys. And increasingly the members are girls from the big cities. Pony Clubs originated with the hunts, now all the new ones springing up are in the outskirts of Manchester, Newcastle and other big cities. Giving the final seal of success to the pony world last week was the Queen's visit to the Ponies of Britain Show at Ascot. The pony Snowball which she rode as a small child was a more staid edition of her daughter's Bandit. Now her only pony is Zaman, present from Mr. Khrushchev and which she has put to stud.

HOW TO KEEP SMILING

Weddings are so full of human touches that for the most part go unnoticed. How to keep smiling when shaking hands after catching a

finger in a slamming door that morning was the problem of Mrs. **Ian Skimming** when her daughter, Miss **Caroline Butler**, married the **Master of Falkland**. The guests kept filing into the exquisite blue, aquamarine and white drawing room—hundreds and hundreds of them, including **Vice-Admiral Sir Peter & Lady Angela Dawnay**, Mr. & Mrs. **Michael Bonn**, Mr. & Mrs. **Raymond Clifford-Turner**, and **Sir William & the Hon. Lady Nelson**. Still Mrs. Skimming kept smiling bravely. "I must have had about eight tranquillizers. I felt like floating on air, but they were quite marvellous about deadening the pain," she told me afterwards.

Miss Butler and her fiancé met about six months ago at a dinner party. She's a student at Chelsea School of Art and as they are making their home in London she plans to continue with her studies. After a stint organizing tours of stately homes and sub-editing on *Burke*, he's now in public relations. It was a wonderfully warm day and in keeping with the weather clothes were chic. Among the outstandingly well dressed were: Mrs. **Penelope Kitson**, Mrs. **John Mills**, **Lady James Crichton-Stuart**, and Mrs. **Robert Garrett** (the former Mrs. Richard Fairy), who had a blue floral hat with a velvet coat in a slightly deeper shade. It was also a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 343



The Master of Falkland and his bride receiving guests



Mary Elizabeth Bonn and Dominic Nelson, two of the bride's attendants



Vice-Admiral Sir Peter & Lady Angela Dawnay



Mr. & Mrs. Richard Todd

THE ROSE BALL

This year's Rose Ball, held at Grosvenor House under the chairmanship of the Duchess of Rutland, marked the 51st Alexandra Day and helped a variety of charities



Mr. Whitney Straight and Lady Elisabeth Oldfield. Below: Mr. Charles Sweeney, Mr. David Metcalfe and the Duchess of Rutland, chairman of the Ball



The Hon. Shaun Plunket dancing with his wife



Miss Robina Lund and Mr. Paul Getty



Viscount Lewisham and the Hon. Henrietta Guinness

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

day for engaged couples and those I saw included **Lady Joanna Townshend** & **Mr. Jeremy Bradford**, **Mr. Michael Wigram** & **Miss Penny Knowles**, and **Miss Caroline Hubbard** and her fiancé, **Mr. David Curtis-Bennett**. Another girl who is soon to marry, the **Hon. Elizabeth Keppel**, a bridesmaid, came on her own, as her fiancé was unable to get down from Cambridge.

Others at the wedding included **Mrs. Arthur Macmillan** & her daughter, **Mrs. Patrick Gibbs** (Mrs. Gibbs has just sold her house in Hampshire and is shortly moving to another, also in Hampshire), **Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy, Viscount & Viscountess Falkland**, the **Hon. Mrs. C. M. Cary** (the bridegroom's mother), **Mr. & Mrs. Norman McCaskie** and their daughter, **Susan**, **Lt.-Comdr. Gerald Butler** (the bride's father) & **Mrs. Butler, Countess Czernin** and her daughter, **Carolyn**, **Lady Rachel Pepys**, the bride's godmother, and **Dorothea Viscountess Kelburn**.

Most of the guests were friends of the bride's family and they applauded vigorously when the bridegroom commented humorously in his speech: "I don't know a great number of you . . . but I hope you are enjoying yourselves." The honeymoon is being spent motoring in France and Spain (the car was shipped over in advance). And I'm glad to report that the bride's mother, on whom the brunt of the organizing of the wedding day fell, is now also abroad on holiday. **Mr. & Mrs. Ian Skimming** have gone to stay with **Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis** at his marvellous château outside Paris. "As he would not get over to the wedding he asked us to come and stay with him afterwards—the nicest possible way of refusing an invitation," said Mrs. Skimming.

BIRTHDAY FOR JACK

When **Miss Jackie Hylton**, daughter of **Mr. Jack Hylton**, the impresario, & **Mrs. Hylton**, married **Mr. Liam Ward**, the leading Irish jockey, nobody enjoyed the celebrations more than the bride's father. For him and his friends the reception went on and on; six hours after it started they were still there swapping yarn. It was quite a day, too, for **Josef**, **Mr. Hylton's Jack Russell terrier**; it isn't every day a dog has a saucer of champagne. Happily any temptation to bath **Josef** in one of those whiter than white detergents advertised on television (as too often happens to dogs prior to weddings) was resisted, and **Josef** mingled among the guests his usual off-white self.

The wedding was at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, W.1, and the reception afterwards in the fine oak panelled dining room of **Hylton House**, Savile Row. The guests included: **Mr. & Mrs. Ryan Price**, **Mrs. James Lawlor** over from Ireland, **Sir Alexander Maxwell**, **Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall**, **Mr. & Mrs. Chesney Allen**, **Mr. Clive Graham**, **Mr. & Mrs. John Bloom**, and **Mr. Bud Flanagan**, who did most of the talking that had to be done. After the last race at Alexandra Park a whole bevy

of jockeys and their wives turned up, including **Mr. & Mrs. Lester Piggott**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Scobie Breasley**.

The new **Mrs. Ward** is as keen on racing as her husband; she has ridden her own horse to win the Newmarket Town Plate and has also ridden races on the Continent. The stud farm which she has run in Sussex for some years with the help and encouragement of her father is to be sold and the better mares transferred to Ireland. **Mrs. Ward** tells me that she and her husband have bought the late **Mr. Maxwell Arnott's** place at Clonsilla. This is a large place on the outskirts of Dublin with its own gallops and a large stable of loose boxes. It is being got ready for them.

ANOTHER CLONSILLA

It's the time of year for setting sail in new boats, and from Dublin I've been hearing of **Mr. Frank & Lady Honor Svejdar's** voyage to Gibraltar in their new yacht, *Clonsilla*. **Lady Honor**, who is the mother of **Mr. Paul Channon**, M.P. for Southend, has always been keen on boats and *Clonsilla* is a replacement for an older family cruising yacht. She is skippered by **Comdr. F. M. Crichton**, former sailing master to **Prince Philip**. *Clonsilla* is a smart little ship with radar and central heating. Built and fitted out in Holland she's the last word in comfort. Cabins have bathrooms *en suite*, and the furnishings have both comfort and chic. Though probably the most appealing thing about *Clonsilla* in this difficult-to-ever-get-away-from-it-all age, is that she can cruise for 6,000 miles without refuelling. **Lady Honor** has taken **Miss Nora Fitzgerald**, internationally known party giver and wine expert, and other friends on *Clonsilla's* maiden voyage. From Gibraltar the party will travel overland to the spring festivals in Southern Spain.

DANCING IN THE SUN

In the Bahamas **Ann Lady Orr-Lewis** organized a ball in aid of local charities at Lyford Cay, the palm-fringed resort developed by **Mr. E. P. Taylor**. It was a colossal success. Guests sat in a courtyard decorated with lemons and limes for the high spot of the evening, one-and-a-half hours of singing and fun-making by **Frank Sinatra**. He arrived from Hollywood with his own band, something which had the whole Bahamas talking. Tickets, at 100 dollars each, were snapped up as readily as hot cross buns at a children's party. **Viscount & Viscountess Astor** came with **Mr. Harold Christie**, the island's biggest name in real estate, & **Mrs. Christie**. **Mr. & Mrs. Henry Ford** too were joining in the fun as were the **Hon. Mrs. Hayward**, Lord Digby's daughter, the **Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry**, **Mr. & Mrs. Ivor Bryce**, **Mr. & Mrs. Tibbert** (she is the former **Liz Whitney**), **Mr. & Mrs. Christopher O'Donnell**, and **Mr. "Shipwreck" Kelly**. Getting **Frank Sinatra** was of course a marvellous money-spinner, so too was getting round the local traders to give the champagne free. It was afterwards sold to the



Much-travelled luggage and a world-ranging writer. Muriel Bowen, whose recent itinerary includes Bermuda, Jamaica and the Bahamas, is off again soon—this time to Malta. From there she'll sail to Athens in time for the wedding of Princess Sophia of Greece and Don Juan Carlos of Spain. The saddle piled atop Miss Bowen's luggage goes with her on most journeys. She will rarely miss the opportunity to hunt

guests for a little more than you or I—or they, for that matter—really cared to pay for it. A couple of days later **Frank Sinatra** (due in London in June) did the same show in Miami. His fee: \$15,000.

ALISON'S COMING-OUT

There's a lot to be said for a little brother in the right place, especially when he happens to be **Mr. Basil de Ferranti**, M.P. When **Mrs. Patrick Hunter Gordon** thought about launching daughter **Alison** into the debutante marathon, brother **Basil** offered his house in Chelsea Park Gardens for a coming-out cocktail party. (See pictures overleaf.) More than that he had an extension built out over the garden. The Scots are never ones to neglect the English social season and **Alison** got the season's ritual launching in London. And in the autumn there is to be a dance for her at Ballindoun House, Inverness.

Seen—and heard, too—at the party were: **Miss Grania Stewart-Smith**, **Miss Fiona Bowes-Lyon**, the **Hon. Tessa Fraser**, and the **Hon. Kirstine Forbes-Sempill**, all friends from **Alison's** school days at Woldingham. Young men on the party circuit that night: **Mr. Henry Crichton-Stuart**, **Mr. Nigel de Ferranti**, **Lord Montgomerie**, the **Hon. Timothy Tollemache**, and **Alison's** brother **Hugh**. He's an engineering student at St. Andrews, but best known to his friends as an organizer of super barbecues.

The dance given by **Mrs. Ian Wilson-Young** and featured in *The Tatler* of 2 May was for her son **David** only. It was not also a coming-out dance for her daughter, **Hilly**.

Mrs. Patrick Hunter Gordon gave the party for her daughter Alison at the Chelsea Park Gardens home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Basil de Ferranti



*Lady Clare Giffard
and Mr. Paddy Nason*

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Mrs. Basil de Ferranti—cleaning operation with a soda siphon

COMING-OUT COCKTAILS



Mrs. Patrick Hunter Gordon and her daughter Alison



Miss Angela Pinney



Miss Amanda Heathcoat Amory



Miss Mandy Lindo



*Miss Susie Caulcutt
and Miss Kathrine Steinberg*

MEET ME AT Queen's!



Mood frenzied—Mr. Michael Houghton, Miss Anne Butler, Mr. Anthony Atkinson.



Mood intimate—Miss Patricia Edwards and Mr. Johnny Gordon.

Monday is the big night though Queen's Ice Rink is open seven days a week all through the year. Mornings are for professionals polishing up their routines on a surface that is renewed three times daily. In the afternoons the children and the organised parties take over with here and there a stylish performer weaving highly personalised patterns through the throng. But always on a Monday come the debs and their escorts responding to the currently irresistible lure of the newly instituted Twist Room complete with its juke box. Falcon's pictures set the scene



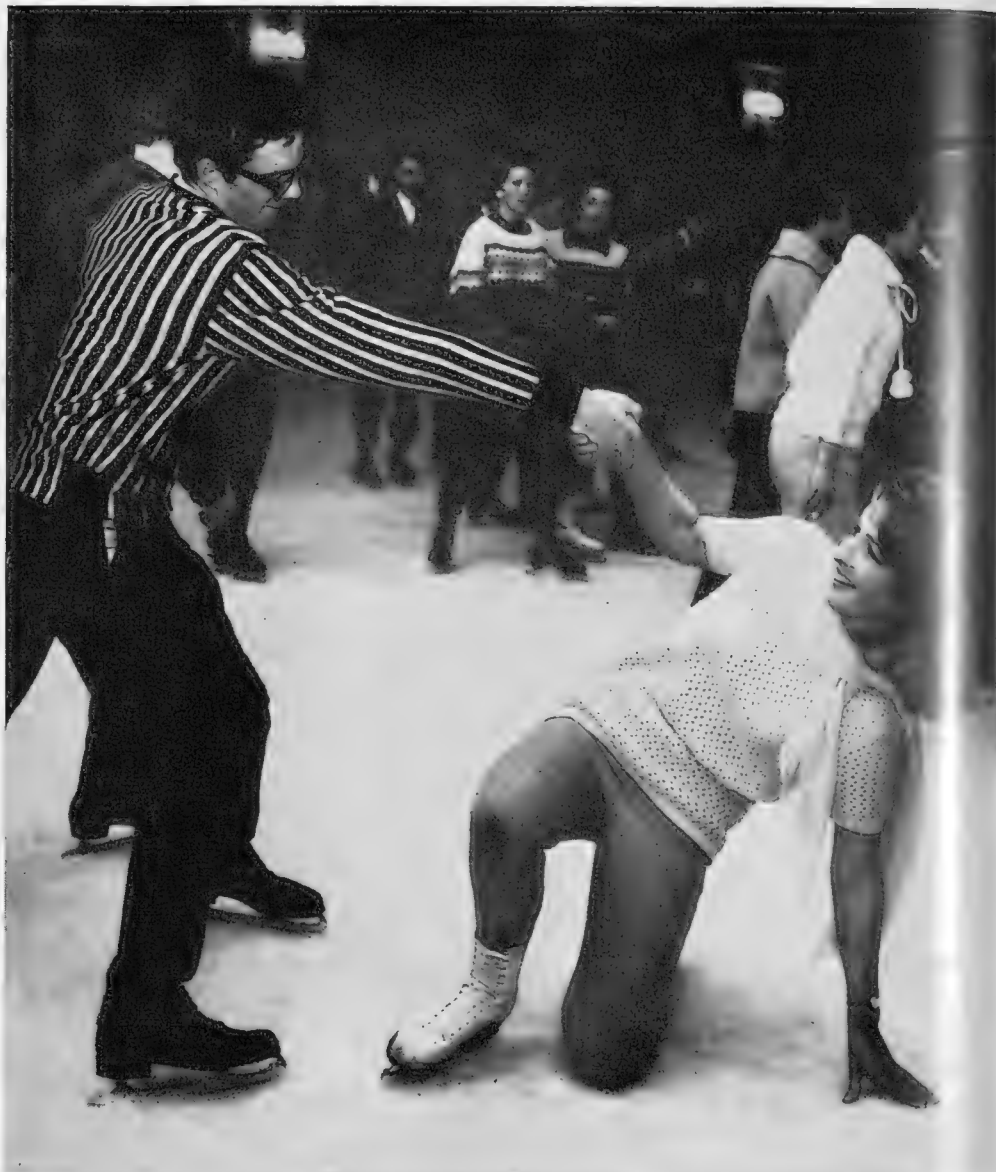
Mood relaxed—Mr. Charles FitzGerald and Mr. Jon Harris.



Ante-room to Queen's—the queue for tickets



Arabesque—tongue out—executed here by Rosalind Druce, aged 7



Helping hand—from John Spreckley for Belinda Denholm



Organ voluntary—played for skaters by Don McKay. The Twisters have a juke box. Right: putting on the style—Carol Warner, 16, Southern Counties champion for solo figure skating, and Robin Jones, 18, 1959-61 men's figure skating champion

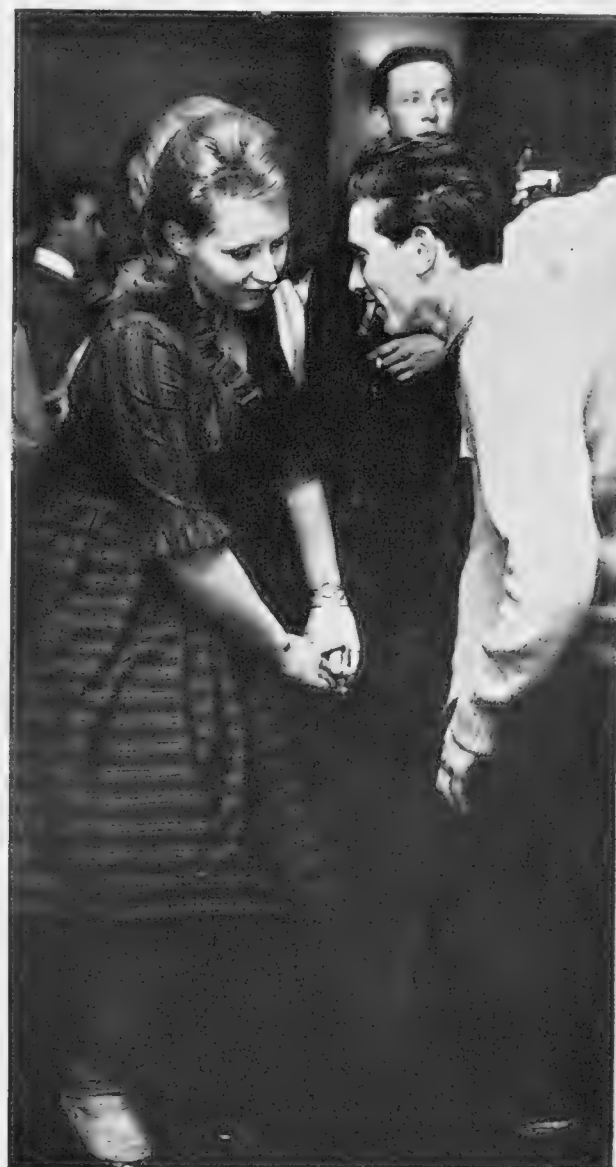




Left: Tune choosers are Dolly Lee, Roy Brown and James Young operating the juke box



Time out from Twist for David Currie, Celia Brooke and Roy Brown



Above: Variations on the Twist by Caroline Faber and Nigel Pollitzer. Below, left: The main rink with the Twist Floor at the far end





Above: *The lock up*—doorman Mr. Edward Mahoney at the end of the evening. Right: *The getaway*—leaving for supper. Below: *après-skating nourishment*—Miss Jane Goldsmith and Mr. Nick Shaw eat at the *Bistro d'Agran*



ACCORDING TO SIR GERALD

Some balanced thoughts on pictures, people, broken hearts and Burmese dancing girls expounded by Sir Gerald Kelly in an interview with Robert Wraight

TO my letter asking if I might call on him Sir Gerald Kelly had replied: "To be frank I think you have left it too late, I am now 83." But when we met I found that he had changed very little since our last encounter nine years ago. At that time he was still President of the Royal Academy and had just endeared himself to a vast new public by uttering on television what some of the newspapers coyly referred to as "that Pygmalion word." Today his sparse hair is whiter but his language remains as colourful.

When the front door of his house at the Marylebone end of Gloucester Place opened I saw Sir Gerald, at the end of a long, dark corridor, framed in his studio doorway, his bright blue boiler-suit making a dramatic splash of colour in the distant rectangle of daylight. He came to greet me—at least, I thought he was coming to greet me—but almost his first words were:

"Did you hear what one of those bloody fools said on the B.B.C. the other day? That Chardin was not a great painter because he painted only still life! Critics? Idiots! What are they trying to say, eh? Tell me that. I know the meanings of the words they use but I can make nothing but nonsense out of what they say."

He led the way down the corridor from which I caught a teasing glimpse of the dining-room, richly gloomy and furnished with some choice Empire and Regency pieces. Just inside the studio three or four recent portraits of Somerset Maugham caught me by surprise. "That's William Maugham," explained Sir Gerald unnecessarily. "Including those, I've painted sixteen portraits of him. Where are these new ones going? Not to him, that's certain. We've been friends for 62 years but my work doesn't interest him."

I might easily have believed him had I not remembered Maugham's generous appraisal of his friend as "a portrait painter who is not interested in himself but is prepared to sink his own individuality and devote himself to the sole purpose of sincerely representing that of his sitter." I remembered, too, the brilliant portrait of Maugham as a young dandy, now in the Tate Gallery, and reminded Sir Gerald of this achievement of 50 years ago. "Oh yes. He liked the way I painted his grey topper. He fancied himself in that topper," he said. Then he picked up a palette and began to clean it vigorously while I took the opportunity to look around the big, crowded studio. On an easel in one corner one of his many paintings of Burmese dancing girls was nearing completion

and several others, finished and framed, stood nearby. Again I was surprised, for it is more than 50 years since he was in Burma.

"This," he explained, beginning to scrub in a little of the foreground of the picture, "is a Burmese girl. They're very sweet the Burmese girls—little snub noses, fat mouths and pretty little round bottoms. I love painting them. A reproduction of one of them is a best-seller. The publishers say it's now the Top of the Pops. Fancy an old man at the end of his life being Top of the Pops!"

He went to Burma, he told me, "to mend a broken heart" (I gathered that it mended all right). He was 28 and had been painting for six or seven years. "My father sent me to Eton," he said, catching me looking at the O.E. tie peeping over the collar of the boiler-suit. "He went there himself so he thought it was good enough for me. Didn't do me any harm. Then he packed me off to Cambridge where I was very happy, so I didn't get down to painting until I went to Paris in 1902."

He took a studio in Montparnasse and was lucky enough, as he puts it with a note of awe in his voice, to meet some very great men. "I was privileged to know Rodin and Degas and Monet. I remember going to Giverny to see Monet and his garden. And on the staircase in the house he showed me a picture of a boy in a red waistcoat and said to me, 'That's a fine painting, isn't it?' I couldn't say I liked it. But I looked at it often after that and gradually began to see. How long ago it all was! The painting was the Cézanne that turned up at Sotheby's a couple of years ago—rather spoiled by over-cleaning—and fetched £220,000!"

He mixed up a little more of the mauve-brown colour for the foreground of the Burmese Girl, talking all the time. "We used to work pretty hard in those days. But there weren't many of us then. Today the innumerable young art-student 'geniuses' must find it much more difficult to work because they are always being pestered by advice from those who don't know how to paint but know what to say about painting. One paints with one's hand and a paint brush!"

He stressed the point by stabbing his paint brush in my direction while eyeing me severely through the top half of his bi-focals, then went on: "I don't like abstract painting though I can understand that certain painters wish to paint in that way, but I think too many people have followed them. However, I can remember how stupid I thought those who were against my

dear Impressionists when I was young. There are two abstract painters who have delighted me. One is Juan Gris and the other Braque, whom I knew when we were both young. I met Picasso then, too, but I didn't particularly like him."

Filling his brush he turned back to the Burmese Girl. Then he had second thoughts. "Let me show you something," he said, then reached up to a rack in which scores of canvases were ranged and brought out a big photograph of one of those famous paintings of dwarfs by Velasquez. "I lived in Spain, on and off, for seven years. And every time I went to Madrid I went to the Prado and stood in front of this picture of the syphilitic dwarf with hydrocephalus and decayed teeth. Look, he had halitosis, too, you can see he had. Yet I always stood there in ecstasy."

He paused, obviously recapturing some of that ecstasy even in front of the photograph.

"The *niño de Vallecas*!" He spoke the Spanish words with affection. "The picture enchants me but if I had ever met him in the flesh I would have run away in horror. What makes a picture like that? The great men know and we little ones don't."

Again he returned to his Burmese Girl. The light was failing and he put his nose almost on the canvas and began to work as if I had not been there. As the seconds became minutes I became embarrassed and began to think how I might slip away. Then suddenly he said, gently and rather sadly: "Probably very little of what is being made nowadays will last. I've been told by Hell—do you know John Hell? For me he's the best of the restorers, he and Horace Buttery—I've been told that modern pictures are not painted safely. I know two beautiful Renoirs that have gone to pieces. And there are others. In the United States especially, Renoirs are ill and are being spoiled. An awful lot of rot is talked about restoring. All that stuff about making pictures look the same as when they left the Masters' studios! Poppycock!"

I recognised that this was more or less where I had come in and that it was probably time to go. I made the appropriate polite noises, murmured something about having to look in at Christie's before they closed. He gave me a firm, bony handshake and said, "That's right, you run along now." Then, as if he were giving a friend a tip for the three-thirty, he called after me, "If ever you see anything by Clausen, buy it. He was a very good painter and, mark my words, he'll come back."



Film extras on epics need the patience of the Sphinx—sometimes they get the look, as well. Top right: Reading a letter between takes—what they call chain-mail, in the trade



Anouk Aimée plays Queen Bera, who rules the Cities of the Plain—a girl who is used to getting her own way with the hired help

Karsh films a film



Think of Karsh of Ottawa and think immediately of portrait studies of the great—but hardly of a subsistence level oasis in the Moroccan desert. Ouarzazate is not a spot which normally attracts the tourists. What attracted Karsh was the location work for a new Biblical epic, the *Sodom & Gomorrah* of Titanus Productions. The doomed twin cities have arisen from the desert at an estimated cost of some half million dollars and are being peopled by such exotic imports as Italy's Rosanna Podesta, France's Anouk Aimée, Hollywood's Pier Angeli, Britain's Stewart Granger and Stanley Baker. To Moroccan locals used to extracting a bare living from the region's slim natural resources such imperial expenditure presents an element of awe though many are profiting by it as crowd extras. To them also falls a further distinction—one that has eluded many more famous—that of being photographed by Yusuf Karsh



Music while you don't work—native extras in a jam session desert style—between takes



The film unit hits the Moroccan desert with a resounding tinkle—the locals are unimpressed



Extras in an epic—discard the camera crew and the pre-fabricated grandeurs of film-dom and they would fit in a Sunday School colour plate

Rossana Podesta, Lot's daughter, ekes out the limited water supply with a tame antelope—Ouarzazarte is dusty and dry



One of the extras recruited locally dressed exactly as he would have been thousands of years ago—except that there wasn't a sewing machine around in those days to do the hem

Pier Angeli starts out as Lot's wife, ends up as a pillar of salt—a script finale that nobody has bettered yet



Scilla Gabel prepares to defend herself—unsuccessfully, as it turns out. She dies under torture in the film



Stanley Baker plays Astaroth, the Queen of Sodom's brother, a rash and impetuous fellow



Dem bones from Oshkosh

AN EVENT WILL TAKE PLACE IN LONDON TOWARDS the end of this month of special interest to gamblers, mathematicians, students of Yankee folklore (whether guys or dolls), philologists, the police, numerologists and die-manufacturers. At a certain well-known club not 100 miles from Piccadilly Circus, a new game of chance will be introduced for the benefit (perhaps) of all and sundry, but with a very particular eye on the summer visitor from the States. With suitably bourgeois gentility, it will be known in this country as "chemmy dice." But my inquiries have elicited that—call it what they may—it is in fact none other than the national sport of America: to put it in one short word, if you haven't guessed it already, the game in question is *craps*.

If, therefore, you have now at last succeeded in mastering the laws of chemmy—which (I need hardly say) is more necessary in the smartest circles nowadays than any of the social graces except the ability to twist—I bring you the news that you are now right back at the beginning with another game to learn. And as part of the well-known Kilbracken service of keeping the public fully informed on matters of vital interest, I intend to provide a dissertation this week on the gentle art (and craft) of crap-shooting à l'Américaine.

Craps, I should begin by saying, is a direct lineal descendant of that great French dicing game, *hasard*, which flourished at the court of Louis XIV till its seductive and demoralising qualities were recognised and it was declared illegal. It also flourished in England until 1844, when it became illegal here, too; it was known here as hazard and had been the mainstay of the gambling hells for the preceding half-century. It is said that it was introduced into the New World by French mercenaries in the War of Independence, and the word *craps* is in fact supposed to be a corruption of *crapauds*. (The French soldiers were known as Frogs, needless to say.) The game has been much modified by American influences, but is still very similar, as played in one-horse towns from Oshkosh to Wichita Falls, or on dusty street corners from Brooklyn to L.A., to the version of Versailles. It is illegal in almost all the American states.

The basic play is simple—deceptively so, in fact. The dice (of which there are two) move in turn from player to player, in much the same way as the shoe moves round at chemmy, but clockwise instead of anti-clockwise. Betting is similar, too; but there any likeness ends. Please attend and listen. The shooter throws the dice; if, on the first roll, he throws 7 or 11, he wins immediately. And he loses immediately if, again on the first roll, he throws 2 (known as Snake-Eyes), 3 (known as Acey-Deucey), or 12 (known as Box-Cars). If, on the first roll, he throws any other number—viz. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10—that number is called the "point"; and the shooter then throws the dice

repeatedly till he *wins* by throwing the same number again ("makes his point") or *loses* by throwing a 7. The dice only passes to the next player when a losing 7 is thrown. In addition to this basic play, there are a great many variations and side-bets which I have no room for here.

Now the fact is often not instantly recognised that certain numbers are easier to throw than others. This is mathematics, not superstition. It is six times more easy, for example, to throw a 7 than a 2, because there are six different ways in which a 7 may be composed—ace and six, 2 and 5, 3 and 4, and so forth—and only one way of throwing a 2 (two aces). From this it can be deduced that 7 is the easiest number, then 6 and 8, then 5 and 9. If you have a head for figures, you can further calculate that the shooter is twice as likely to win on the first roll, by throwing 7 or 11, than he is to lose by "crapping out" (throwing 2, 3 or 12). If he "has a point," however, the odds are against him making it.

By the use of advanced mathematics, it is possible to determine that the overall odds, from the time he picks up the dice, are approximately 73 to 71 against the shooter. Thus craps differs from chemmy, where the dealer has an advantage. This handicap is more than overcome, however, by the widely held belief that the crap-shooter can influence the fall of the dice by the sheer exercise of will power. This is superstition, not mathematics.

Every serious crap-shooter has a dozen different ways of influencing the dice (other than loading them) to fall in his favour. He will cup them in his hands and blow on them; or he will whisper to them *Come seven, come eleven*; or he will snap his fingers encouragingly as they roll to a standstill; or he will enunciate the magic formula *Baby wants new shoes* (or simply *New shoes*) to inform the dice that he is playing for his baby's benefit, never for himself. If his point is 8, he may be heard to murmur *French windows*; or *Two flowers* if it's 10. He will refer to 9 as *Nina from Pasadena*. By such esoteric means it can (I hope) be seen that he brings the odds round in his favour.

I will watch with interest to see how things go when this all-American game is first played in England. In Monte Carlo, which is where I know it best, a strange Franco-Italian jargon has developed: *scarpette nuove* takes the place of *new shoes*, two 5s are *un bouquet de fleurs*, a losing 7 is *le diable* and there are a great many cries of *ecco, voilà*, and *zut, alors*. It will perhaps be some time before native phlegm is overcome and the first English shooter casually informs the dice that his infant progeny urgently requires a new pair of outer foot-coverings; that, however, will be the first step forwards. Then, I suppose, it will not be long before London hears the historic cry: *Roll dem bones*. I can hardly wait.

Lord Kilbracken

THE LONDON LABEL

Twenty-five accents (counting three on the cover) that form the voice of the Fashion House Group of London presented here by Elizabeth Dickson in a whirlwind coverage of the cream of British off-the-peg during London Fashion Week

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY WARNER

NABRE *couture touch for the more mature.* Preview of their fall collection, oatmeal coat in Galloway Reels tweed with fluffy fox collar and cream suede belt. Kid gloves by Morley. Cab-catching outside the May Fair



AQUASCUTUM great for tweeds, home of fine raincoats. Hyacinth and white tweed threesome set off (far left) for the races from Raphael & Leonard's. Cape 24 gns., skirt 6 gns., all branches

BRENNER glamorize the sporting life. Example: their peony wool cardigan suit (below left) over pink and green cravat blouse, cuffs and trim in matching print. Cresta, Bond Street; Dalys, Glasgow: 19 gns. All hats in this issue by Otto Lucas, the creamy silk Garbo in the picture from Dickins and Jones. Setting: Churchills, gunsmiths

STRELITZ the uncluttered shape, fits budget purse. White Irish tweed frock (below) belted in geranium tweed. Advance view of their autumn designs, in Liberty shortly about 8 gns. Flattering breton in brilliant red straw, Debenham & Freebody. Shopping for the stables at Parker, saddlers in St. Martin's Lane

SAMBO snazzy career clothes, keenly priced. Perennial shirtwaist (below right) in black and white cotton tweed, patent belt. Debenham & Freebody, Renee Shaw of Sutton, 68s. 6d. Scarlet velvet beanie, Debenham & Freebody. Caviar at Fortnum & Mason





SPECTATOR SPORTS *value-for-money, simple styling.* Season's snappiest suit (opposite page) in water-ice pink linen, cotton blouse sissy-frilled in broderie anglaise. *Galleries Lafayette, Livingstone of Leeds: about £11.* Pink sombrero in rough straw, Harrods. Amethyst sparkle clip from Paris House as all jewellery in this issue. Collecting cash for shopping spree from Drummond's Drive-In Bank

DAKS *classic pants and skirts par excellence.* Sage and brown tartan trews (right) with chunky brown sweater. Both from Simpsons, Daks pants: 7 gns. Rig for the constitutional in Berkeley Square

HARRY B. POPPER *dresses Royalty, high fashion feeling.* Suit in navy silk (below right) Harrods; Elaine of Guildford: 52½ gns. Paris House pearl necklace. White organza picture hat swathed in navy, Harrods. Jack Barclay showroom

KOUPY *exponent of the young-in-heart couture.* Flamingo pink frieze tweed coat (below) panel-seamed with four pockets. Dickins & Jones; Henry Burger, Leeds: 16 gns. Meringue lace hat with black velvet bow, Dickins & Jones. With Rothman's stage coach in Berkeley Square



JULIAN ROSE *fine weddings, going-away, Ascot.* Aquamarine wild silk dress and jacket (right) paired to simple elegance. Fortnum & Mason, Jenners of Edinburgh: 39½ gns. Also at Fortnums, delicious pink and white petal cap by Otto Lucas. Tea for two, her friend in Coronation robes from Moss Bros. outside the House of Lords

FRANK USHER *star turn at deb crinolines and cocktail frou-frou.* For after-matinée interview with Trevor Howard at the Garrick Theatre (below right), she wears hibiscus wild silk theatre suit, toning flower print blouse. Wakefords, Knightsbridge. Shiny black straw pillbox, Dickins & Jones

BERG OF MAYFAIR *for fabulous fabrics, after-30 elegance.* Dress and jacket in rich, clotted cream silk (far right), given ultimate glamour with mink cuffs. Harvey Nichols: 185 gns. Beginner's luck at chemmy table, Crockfords

SYLVIA MILLS *good country suiting, mature outlook.* Formal summer suit (below) in luscious pewter grey silk, handmade crochet buttons. Dickins & Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Harrogate: about 25 gns. Tangerine breton, 61 Park Lane. Morley's black suède gloves. Big investment thoughts at the Marlborough Art Gallery









LONDON TOWN young tycoon kit, budget prices. Black and white check two-piece with a matching box skirt mounted on camisole top. Hip belt in black leather. Ivor Hartnell, Bond Street; Samuels of Manchester: £15. Orchids from Angela Saunders received at the May Fair suite



GIRL FUS superb cut for the older woman. Lichen velour coat (above left) with pale mink collar. Liberty: 39 gns. Choosing wine in the Hallgarten Cellars

MILKUS fine fashion feathers for the 30s and upward. Gunmetal silk dress (above right) with flaring bolero top. Sneak preview of the autumn collection, in shops shortly: 26½ gns. approx. Emerald straw hat with Thailand silk band, Fortnum & Mason. Thoughts on diamonds at Cartier

POPPY PECK adult rejuvenators, teenage caterers. Little-girl-lost-look (far left) in long-sleeved dusky pink crepe, lavished with pie-frills. Chanelle, Knightsbridge and country branches: £9 15s. Paris House drop pearl earrings: 1 gn. With the only Chinese hotel chef in town at the May Fair's Beachcomber Room

HANDY AMIES READY-TO-WEAR discreet dinner dress, masterfully cut tweed. Romantic little black number (right) in fluid chiffon, tunic skirt of waterfall frills. Blouse top taken off for brief, shoestring strap bodice. All Cresta Shops, about 30 gns. Black petal Otto Lucas hat: Debenham & Freebody. Playing it cool in the Maharajah Suite, May Fair Hotel



LINZI racy follow-ups of couture line, super colour. Candy pink three-piece, jacket and skirt (centre right) faced with grey check. Summer stunner from John Barker, Kensington: Rackhams, Birmingham: £9 6s. Gold straw hat, Fortnum & Mason. Paris House gilt chains. Cigarette holder, Savory of Bond St. Press conf. May Fair Hotel

DERETA big name in pace-setter coats, suits. All-rounder tailored coat (below) in sapphire wool with low-slung belt, panel seams. Galeries Lafayette; Kendal Milne of Manchester: £13 13s. 6d. Little white pique hat bound in blue petersham, Harrods. Lucky day at the races, results on the Exchange Telegraph tickertape

ALEXON travel clothes for the slim purse. Caramel wool suit (right) trimmed in darker braid. Marshall & Snelgrove, Bentalls of Kingston: about 13½ gns. Burnt sugar straw breton by Otto Lucas at 61 Park Lane. Cream kid gloves by Morley. Emplaning S.A.S. at London Airport

REMBRANDT important designer of the little black dress. One of their prettiest (below) is in rayon. Flat bows top the inverted pleats at each side of the skirt. John Barker: 10½ gns. approx. Paris House pearl ropes. Dress and girl painted for posterity in Vasco de Lazzolo's studio



Berne Silk Manufacturing
Co. (England) Ltd.

Samuel Courtauld & Co.
Ltd.

Galloway Reels.

F. W. Grafton & Co. Ltd.

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& Co.

Carrington & Dewhurst
Ltd.

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Ltd.





Numbered felt ball and surprise! surprise! Koala bear from the Otway Toy Studio in Knightsbridge for 18s. 9d. each. Otway will model favourite ponies and riders down to the last detail—all that's needed is one or two snapshots and colour details.

Drummer boy drum and sounding cymbals from Paul & Marjorie Abbatt who have well-made toys for lively children. Drum, £2 1s. 6d., cymbals 8s. 5d. the pair.

Handmade lion of cuddlesome proportions, 59s. 6d. from Heals

Solitaire board for a rainy day, 16s. 9d. from Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, Wimpole Street.

Russian nesting dolls fit magically into each other, 10s. 7d.

the set from Galt Toys, Great Marlborough Street.

Rag doll, gingham dressed, 17s. from Galts too.

Contented cat from Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth Street, who have a pride of cats but will design special ones to order—butterfly flying fur for the butterfly-minded child plus a child's name printed on the back. This one, the biggest, costs £5, the smallest 12s. 6d. They sit daintily in high boots or purr cosily in ruffs or they can look very beat indeed for a Chelsea child. Handpainted horse, £2 10s., is pre-1914, the attendant Dutch doll costs 4s. 6d. If you can ease a child past the shop and up into the Museum, there is one of the most enchanting small worlds in London. A Victorian nursery complete with dewy, waxy dolls, rocking horse, pasteboard nanny, toy theatres and characters by the dozen.

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Pat Wallace

PHOTO FINISH SAVILLE THEATRE (PETER USTINOV, PAUL ROGERS, DIANA WYNYARD)

Four ages of Ustinov

A NEW PLAY BY PETER USTINOV MEANS FOR many of us that the weather of the theatrical season is moving towards Set Fair. Because this is a good play, a thoroughly entertaining one, and it should run for months and months.

The play—Ustinov has called it an adventure in biography—is the story of one man's life, as a writer, a son, husband, father and lover. To tell this story Mr. Ustinov has conquered the technique of the "flash-back" or, rather, has used it as a spring-board rather than a crutch. The character of Sam is shown at 60: a little cynical and a little lecherous; at 40: a disappointed writer and an unhappily married man; at 20: an enthusiastic, athletic young man whose first book of poems and first proposal of marriage have been accepted; and Sam at 80, financially successful, physically frail yet capable of viewing his other selves with humour

and marvellously clear sight. Ustinov himself plays Sam in his old age, an octogenarian with uncertain legs but a spry mind. It is this manifestation of Sam who dominates the play, scarcely leaving the stage for more than a minute or two and then, as the audience is well aware, hovering in the wings to reappear with a pungent comment or a timely intervention. For all the Sams meet, talk, quarrel and expound their views.

In the truest sense this is a play about adults. For not even the youngest Sam is entirely a boy but a man about to take on responsibility and welcoming it. It is as adults in various stages of euphoria or despair, ambition or exasperation that they all discuss their mutual life and the changing sets of problems which not even old Sam has been entirely able to resolve. Chief of these problems—and it is a poignantly recognizable one—is the lack of communication between a father and a son.

The other problem with which the play deals is that of a marriage between two incompatible people and here Miss Diana Wynyard, as Sam's wife, performs a small dramatic miracle of her own. The metamorphosis of this gay and forthright character into a carping, embittered wife and gradually into a drab but brisk old lady, conscientiously performing her duties as nurse to the old man but implacably, wordily hostile, is only partly due to playwright Ustinov's genius but mostly to Miss Wynyard's quite inspired performance. To play, as old Sam observes judiciously at one point, "what critics might call 'a nagger's nagger'" cannot be the easiest thing in the world and to play it convincingly when the audience has seen with a shock of delight the radiant and youthful beauty

in other scenes, that is a triumph indeed.

The other evidence of star quality which I would like to emphasise is Mr. Paul Rogers' performance as Sam's father: a Victorian businessman whose façade is that of the family autocrat only a pace away from the bully, a solid man with rigid but not contemptible behaviour and reference standards. Under this public image there is a man desperately and a little sordidly in love with his secretary, risking what is quite evidently his most precious possession—his good name—and finally and quite irretrievably ruining his relationship with his young son.

Mr. Paul Rogers plays the man admirably. I would even say that his performance is not overshadowed by Mr. Ustinov's own, and his portrait of a man of the period has little to do with costume or make-up but with that element in good acting which can project a sense of an age as surely as a playwright's lines. Mr. Rogers' last deliberate, cigar-smoking walk across the stage and off, presumably into limbo, is something that I shall remember long.

As a whole, the play has a brilliant first and third act and the occasional slowing of pace in the second act is perfectly admissible when one reflects that this is essentially the *story* of a human being's development and that pauses or interpolations are a classic part of the storyteller's art. The important thing about Mr. Ustinov's play is that it is genuinely and often magically entertaining; that it is often profound but never weighty and that it glows and sparkles.

The Tatler regretfully records the death of its distinguished theatre critic, Mr. Anthony Cookman, at the age of 67. Pat Wallace, daughter of the late Edgar Wallace, writes this week's review

FILMS

Elsbeth Grant

LOVELY ARE THE BRAVE DIRECTOR DAVID MILLER (KIRK DOUGLAS, GENA ROWLANDS, WALTER MATTHAU, MICHAEL KANE) **13 WEST STREET** DIRECTOR PHILIP LEACOCK (ALAN LADD, ROD STEIGER, MICHAEL CALLAN, DOLORES DORN) **MURDER BY SIGNATURE** DIRECTOR ERWIN LEISER (DOCUMENTARY) **LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA** DIRECTOR GUY GREEN (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, ROSSANO BRAZZI, YVETTE MIMIEUX, GEORGE HAMILTON)

Blind date on Highway 60

THE OPENING SHOT OF *Lovely Are The Brave* had me fooled: it looked just like the opening shot of every second Western I can recall. Viewing the splendid, rugged landscape behind the credit titles, I expected any minute to see that familiar figure, the Stranger, come riding purposefully out of the middle distance on his way to town to settle some old score in the traditional, early Dodge City, fastest-gun-in-the-West fashion—but I was wrong. As three jet planes screaming across the sky make perfectly clear, the story has nothing to do with the romantic past: it belongs strictly to

the highly mechanized present—and, in fact, unfolds the tragedy of a gun-toting, freedom-loving cowboy (Mr. Kirk Douglas) who does not realize that he is an anachronism.

Mr. Douglas makes his way on horseback through New Mexico, cutting down barbed wire fences (he *hates* fences) as he goes, and on arrival in Duke City beats up a cop to get himself thrown into the local jail where his friend, Mr. Michael Kane, is serving a two-year sentence for harbouring illegal immigrants from across the border. His intention is to help Mr. Kane escape—but as Mr. Kane has a wife (the eminently pleasing Miss Gena Rowlands) and a child and no desire to spend the rest of his life on the run, he won't play,

From here on it is Mr. Douglas and his beautiful mare, Whisky, against a hostile world. Mr. David Miller, directing, has most skilfully sustained the excitement of Mr. Douglas's flight towards Mexico through high mountain country where the mare, from whom he will not be parted, is only a handicap—and all one's sympathies are with the fugitive.

Mr. Douglas manages to elude his motorized pursuers and knows how to deal with the helicopter—he brings it down by shooting off its rear rudder—but between him and the

border lies Highway 60 with its unbroken two-way stream of speeding traffic, and it can only be in a spirit of "Give me liberty or give me death" that Mr. Douglas is foolhardy enough to try to cross. Mr. Douglas is far less aggressive than usual and therefore far more attractive—and one can see why Mr. Walter Matthau, who gives an excellent performance as a laconic sheriff, should feel sorry for the poor devil.

Although it puts forward an acceptable argument—to the effect that a man hell-bent for revenge is liable to become brutalized—and despite the fact that it was directed by Mr. Philip Leacock, **13 West Street** (based on a novel called, with good reason, *The Tiger Among Us*) is really rather a boring film. I put this down to the casting. Mr. Alan Ladd, as the vengeful victim of a gang of young thugs who beat him up "for kicks," has no more animation than a plate of cold porridge, and Miss Dolores Dorn as his droopy little wife is quite maddeningly ineffectual.

I do not doubt the authenticity of *Murder By Signature*, but I question its efficacy in establishing—as I suppose it intended to do—the fact that Adolf Eichmann was personally responsible for the deaths of millions of Jews. The film opens with shots of Eichmann at his

trial, his thin, bespectacled face twitching as he listens to the testimony of the witnesses against him. Then come the flashbacks. While I think it is well that we should periodically be reminded of the hideous crimes committed by the Nazis, I had imagined that this film was specifically concerned with one man—Eichmann.

Apart from the opening and closing shots and photographs of his signature to mass death sentences, there is very little of Eichmann in

the film. We learn nothing of the man himself.

The Florentine setting of *Light In The Piazza* is ravishingly beautiful and very soothing—but the story struck me as distinctly disturbing and rather ugly. Miss Olivia de Havilland is the rich American mother of a 26-year-old daughter, Miss Yvette Mimieux, who, on account of being kicked in the head by a horse in infancy, has the mentality of a child of 10. A handsome young Florentine, well-played by Mr. George

Hamilton, is much taken by the winsome girl, whom he imagines to be about 18: he would like to marry her, but his father Signor Rossano Brazzi is not awfully keen on the match. Miss de Havilland wins the mercenary old thing over by providing a handsome dowry for her daughter and the marriage is arranged—without either the prospective husband or father-in-law being warned of the girl's mental condition.

RECORDS

Spike Hughes

BASTIEN & BASTIENNE BY MOZART **DIVERTIMENTI** BY MOZART **PELLEAS & MELISANDE** BY FAURE **WAGNER SCENES**. CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI

The previous & the posthumous

WITH GLYNDEBOURNE STARTING UP AGAIN ON Monday week [21 May] one's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Mozart. The first Mozart opera ever performed at Glyndebourne was put on twice in one day to try out the acoustics of the new theatre before it was opened in May 1934, and it has never been heard there since. This was *Bastien & Bastienne*, a very simple little one-act pastoral written by Mozart when he was 12 (it was his first opera) and performed in the garden of the Dr. Mesmer who invented mesmerism. The original is in German; Glyndebourne did it in English. Cetra have just released a recording of it in Italian as *Bastiano e Bastiana* (OLPC 1263—one record)—which will probably upset the purists no end, but which I find does nothing to harm a charming piece that deserves to be known for more than the fact that Beethoven lifted the tune from its overture to use in his *Eroica* symphony.

Where the strictly purist approach to Mozart

is undeniably an improvement on common practice is in the performance of two of his *Divertimenti* (K.334 and K.136) by the chamber music groups for which they were originally written, instead of by the vast body of strings so many conductors use in order to show off the collective virtuosity of their orchestras. Seven-eighths of the Vienna Octet (five string players and two horns) play these two enchanting and entertaining pieces of 18th-century background music with all the elegance they demand and which they really only get when played in this intimate form (Decca: one record, mono and stereo).

This year's Glyndebourne season opens with Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a masterpiece of an opera which, if you do not know it, I beg you to listen to on records before hearing it in the theatre for the first time. Decca's steadfast refusal to be panicked into the wholesale scrapping of less-well-selling records has been rewarded once more by being able to offer the *only* available recording of the opera during this Debussy centenary year when everybody is most likely to want it. The recording is 10 years old and has Suzanne Danco singing as lovely a Mélisande as you could wish. It is a fine and essential introduction to the epigrammatic style of an opera likely at first to puzzle those who expect all Debussy to sound like *La Mer* or *L'après-midi d'un faune*.

Maeterlinck's original play inspired a sym-

phonic poem by Schönberg and incidental music by Fauré and Sibelius. Fauré's score for *Pelléas et Mélisande* was written for a production at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London (always a theatre with a highly catholic policy). The four most popular numbers are newly recorded in a Decca collection (one record, mono and stereo) conducted by Ansermet, which includes the same composer's charming *Masques et Bergamasques*, the unfamiliar prelude to his only opera, *Pénélope*, and Debussy's *Petite Suite*.

The middle-aged are always suspected of exaggerating the experiences of their youth, so I do not expect to be believed when I claim that I once stayed awake through an entire Wagner opera. The man responsible for this remarkable achievement was Toscanini, whose conducting of Wagner was as astonishing as anything he ever did. A posthumous recording of a couple of long scenes from *Die Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* is the first we have heard in this country of his conducting dramatic, as distinct from purely orchestral, Wagner (RCA—B 16274). Helen Traubel, who walked out of the Metropolitan because they wouldn't let her sing in a night club, and Lauritz Melchior sing at the top of their robust Wagnerian form in scenes which Toscanini gives an excitement and rhythmic drive I have heard only him ever succeed in bringing to the music of (I regret to say) one of my less favourite composers.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

THE GOLDEN NOTEBOOK BY DORIS LESSING (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 30s.). **THE FEVER TREE** BY RICHARD MASON (COLLINS, 16s.). **THE SIMPLE LIFE** BY DAVID MERLIN (ELEK, 16s.). **REGINA V. PALMERSTON** BY BRIAN CONNELL (EVANS, 42s.)

Steamy heroine

MISS LESSING'S BOOK IS A GIGANTICALLY LONG, complicated, ambitious, perfectly honest and deadly serious one about a woman in a muddle. Its pattern is formidable, for it is a novel by a female novelist about a female novelist who is attempting to write a novel, extracts from which are included. Besides "describing a disgust and self-division which afflicts people now, and not only artists," Miss Lessing, in her own words, was "working out another book, a book of literary criticism, which I would write not as critic, but as practising writer, using various

literary styles in such a way that the shape of the book and the juxtaposition of the styles would provide the criticism." Well, now.

The author's note on the jacket continues, in order that the fearless reader may get the whole thing neatly sorted out once and for all, "While writing it, I found I did not believe some of the things I thought I believed: or rather, that I hold in my mind at the same time beliefs and ideas that are apparently contradictory."

Strengthened and calmed by this explanation, one may tentatively suggest that *The Golden Notebook* is about Anna, the heroine of Miss Lessing's most recent play, and her life in Africa, her dealings with the Communist Party, her life in London, her fictional self Ella, and above all about the awful stresses and strains of her emotional and sexual life with a series of lugubrously bitter and twisted men.

This novel, to borrow a classic comment, tells me more about Anna Wulf than I honestly want to know, especially about her thighs and armpits. Insistent and dismal as a draught under the

door, she groans on about the problems of an undefended woman, alone with a small child, the natural prey of a long, long trail of selfish, uncomprehending, dishonest, confused and frankly psychopathic gentlemen, and the glummer she becomes the less one can understand why she should express surprise when things go wrong. Plodding sadly after her while rugs were unfurled by the acre and sheets incessantly turned down and the publishers switched the typeface to help me sort it all out, I knew for sure that it would all lead to more tears before, during and after bedtime.

Anna is not one for taking anything lightly, and an unwitting, more solemn and somehow *steamy* heroine it would be hard to find. The book had a faintly nightmarish effect on me, as of being unable to escape from a total stranger at a party who suddenly starts to tell you the sad story of her life. One never for a moment doubts Miss Lessing's awe-inspiring, even daunting, honesty; but just from time to time it

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would be such a great relief if her purpose were also to make one—however briefly—laugh.

The new Richard Mason—which is surely the right way of describing *The Fever Tree*—seemed to me rather a tired job, starting with the initial cliché of the loveless, tough, ferociously independent travel-writer called Birkett who sees himself as a cheetah sitting alone under a fever-tree, the agent for a political murder, whose nature is unfrozen by the trusting love of an Indian girl with large dark eyes. On the wide screen it stands, no doubt, every chance of a delirious success.

The Simple Life, by David Merlin—apparently a pseudonym—is a funny, quick, painless and entirely weightless farce about a hopeful young man entering the world of big business—hardly a new theme, but this variation on it succeeds because of a sort of desperate good humour, a real invention, and a cheerful, skidding pace. The hero is called Simon Mortmain, the firm he joins manufactures drugs including a wonder-pill for potency called Plusmars, and the book is being promoted by a really lamentable little handout supposedly pushing Plusmars ("A boon to family life") with two king-sized pale green pills attached in a small paper bag. So far I have met no book-publicity to equal this for awfulness unless it be Hutchinson's new dreaded gimmick for *New Authors Ltd.*—a small and almost insanely boring gramophone record of a New Author reading part of his own new work.

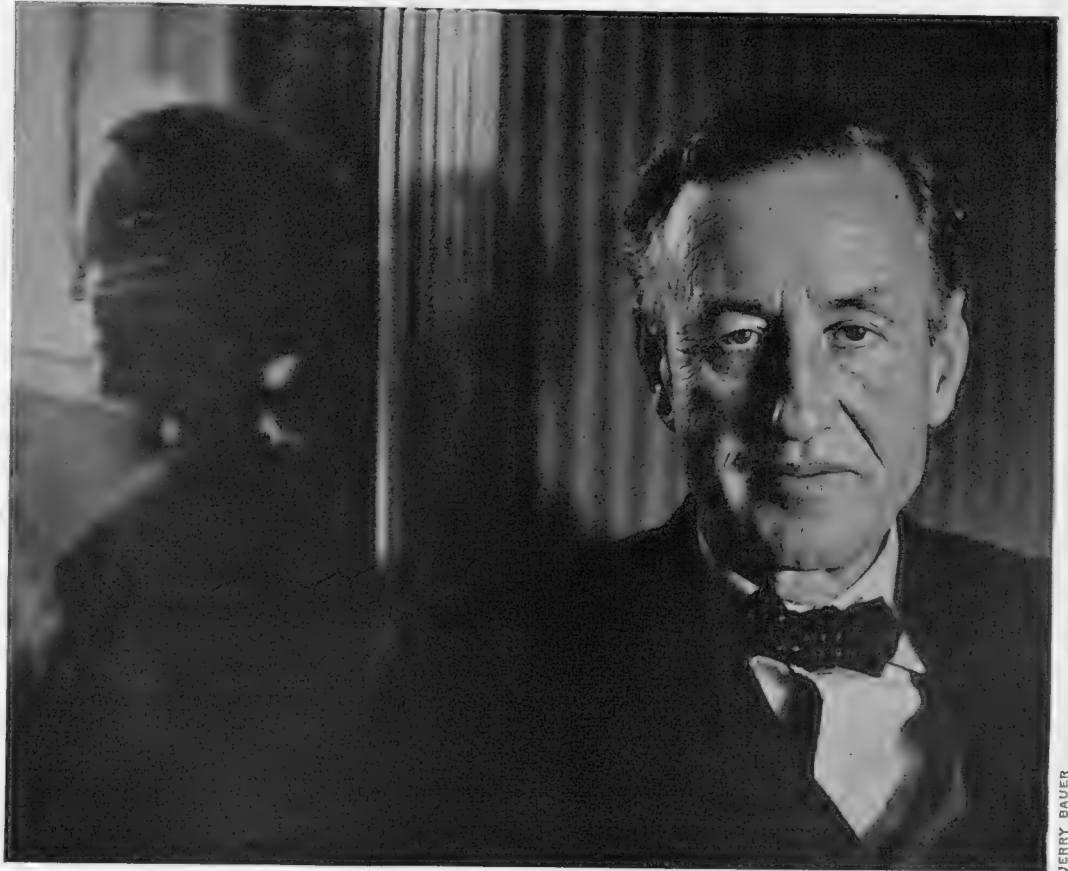
At last, *Regina v. Palmerston*, by Brian Connell, is a lively account of the edgy, uncanny but respectful exchange of letters between Queen Victoria and the formidable man whose life began before the French Revolution, and whose funeral was attended by Thomas Hardy, who also went to Mr. Harold Macmillan's wedding.

Lord P., as the Prince Consort called him, was for ever infuriating Victoria by sending her

drafts to approve long after he had in fact sent them off. In return, she was coldly impervious to suggestions that the Buckingham Palace lake should be drained and turned into a flower garden (the Crimean War was in progress at the time). The Queen wanted military bands in the parks on Sundays, Lord P. could only see his way to permitting Saturday afternoons. The Queen sternly but also exuberantly reminds Palmerston of how bitterly she misses Albert: "And he looks down, freed from the cares (which bow the Queen to earth, unaided and

unsupported and lonely and desolate in joy as in sorrow) on the result of this great game, life!"

Lord Palmerston was brisk with her for writing to the directors of railways instead of sending her recommendations through the Board of Trade or the Home Office, and Her Majesty cattily wrote to her uncle "Pilgerstein is gouty, and extremely impertinent in his communications of different kinds to me." They were a doughty pair of adversaries, very evenly matched and well worth a respectful cheer from the sidelines.



JERRY BAUER

Ian Fleming, whose high carbon, flame-hardened hero James Bond fights it out with gangsters in the Rockies, in defence of a life-battered girl, in his latest adventure *The Spy Who Loved Me* (Cape, 15s.)

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

CÔTE D'AZUR

Braque at 80

ON SUNDAY THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER Georges Braque is 80, and as I am now only a few miles from the place at which, in 1908, he painted the first "Cubist" pictures it seems eminently appropriate that I should devote this column to an appreciation of him and his work. Continuously overshadowed, in the public eye, by the sensational and dramatic personality and art of Picasso, at times his collaborator and at others his rival, Braque has gone his own sweet, quiet and consistent way, continuously growing in the esteem of his fellow painters. Always we read of "Picasso and Braque," never (except in books about Braque) of "Braque and Picasso." Yet in a recent poll among members

of one of our more progressive art societies Braque was voted the most influential painter. Picasso came 21st in the poll!

But it is not my intention to denigrate Picasso in order to stress the importance of Braque's contribution to the development of modern art. This 80th birthday, however, is as good an occasion as will ever arise again for putting a few things straight in the records.

If, for instance, one has to answer the question, "Who was the first Cubist?" there need be no hesitation in answering, "Georges Braque." True he might not have painted those landscapes of L'Estaque that were described (first by Matisse, according to Braque himself, and then by the critic of *Gil Blas*) as being made up of cubes, had he not already been introduced to Picasso and been stimulated by his work. But the fact is that they preceded by almost a year any comparable works by Picasso.

Between 1909 and 1914, "the great period of Cubism," the two men worked closely together ("companions in miracles" Cocteau has called them), so closely that the paintings of the one

were often indistinguishable from those of the other. That both artists had come independently along the road to Cubism is, as Professor Douglas Cooper has pointed out, "significant proof that Cubism was not born either of a theory or of a perverse desire to paint in a novel manner."

In view of the amount of so-called "matter-painting" that is being done today, and is thought by its creators to be the last word in modernity, it is chastening to remember that Braque was mixing sand, sawdust, ash (*vide* Sandra Blow's recent exhibition at Gimpel's gallery), iron filings and even tobacco with his paint 50 years ago. His reasons for doing this were complex but logical. So, too, were those that led him to make use of some of the tricks of the trade he had learned when, as a boy, he was apprenticed to his father's house-decorating business. Artificial marbling and wood-graining effects and stencilled and sign-written letters began to appear in his paintings. Then, logically again, these imitations gave way to the "real" things—pieces of lettering cut from

newspapers, pieces of wallpaper that simulated marble or the grain of wood. So the art of paper *collage* (which has also been widely revived in recent years) was born. But here again Braque owed a debt to Picasso who, some time before and without realizing the far-reaching significance of what he was doing, had stuck a piece of oilcloth into a painted still-life.

All that was a long time ago. But Braque has continued to explore and experiment ceaselessly so that today, at 80, he is still in the vanguard of painters. His style has undergone many changes, only his choice of subjects has remained more or less the same. Within the narrow range of those everyday objects that he has incorporated in his magnificent still-lives he has found, and solved, many of the problems that have occupied the painter always. Some explanation of the tremendous power that his works yield for those who take the time and trouble to study them is contained in this, his own, description of how his paintings "happen."

"... I would say that first there is impregnation, then hallucination—a word I do not like, though it is not far from the truth—which turns into obsession; and in order to free myself from this obsession I have to paint the picture as a matter of life or death."

An artist is not great because he paints "great" subjects. Rather is he a great artist who, given only the humblest things, can endow them with magic in his paintings. Georges Braque, like Chardin long before him, is such an artist.



Georges Braque, inspired experimenter, in his laboratory-studio

DINING IN

Helen Burke

A chill from the bothouse

HOTHOUSE CUCUMBERS WERE SO CHEAP WHEN they first appeared this year that growers lost money on them. In the corresponding period a year ago they cost 3s. each, as compared with this year's early price of 2s. The cost of extra fuel due to the abnormally long winter, combined with the fact that during really cold weather not many people in this country buy forced cucumbers, was the main cause of this loss. While forced cucumber is, perhaps, a little precious to be used in cooking, it does make a very good vegetable.

At a recent luncheon in London I was served with a pleasant chilled CREAM OF CUCUMBER SOUP. My host, whose job it is to further interest in cucumbers and tomatoes, wondered if the people in this country would take up such a soup. Well, another chilled soup, Crème Vichyssoise, invented by the late Louis Diat, *chef de cuisine* of the one-time Ritz-Carlton in New York, was practically unknown here before the war, but today a host of amateur cooks serve it regularly, not only because they like it but also because it is one of the best and easiest soups to prepare in advance for a dinner party.

One often finds that a half or a quarter of a cucumber is left over from a salad. Then is the time to use it in arefreshing soup. Cut the

cucumber into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Peel and halve them and remove the seeds, then cut the remainder into slim wedges. Cover them with slightly salted boiling water and cook for less than 10 minutes. For 4 servings a cupful is ample. Bring $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints well-flavoured chicken stock (or hot water and a chicken cube) to the boil. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter without colouring it. Remove and stir the stock into it, together with the stock from the cucumber. Return to the heat and stir while the soup comes to the boil. Simmer for a few minutes to cook the flour. Taste and season as desired. Turn the soup into a bowl and stir it while it cools.

Before serving, strain the soup into a jug (for easy pouring later). Add the wedges of cucumber and from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of single cream. Chill. Sometimes, I have added just a touch of green culinary colouring to improve its appearance.

CREAMED CUCUMBER with boiled salmon is very good indeed. As it is hardly possible to cut smallish cucumbers into olive shapes without considerable waste, I suggest this: Cut a cucumber into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices—for 4 servings, you will require $\frac{1}{2}$ pint measure of them. Remove the seeds. Cover them with water and bring to the boil. Strain the liquid over the

cucumber slices and boil for 5 minutes. Drain and dry the slices then simmer them in a little butter without colouring them. Add 4 tablespoons of double cream and simmer further to thicken it a little. Have ready $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of not too-well-flavoured Béchamel sauce. Add it and taste for seasoning. Pass this in a sauce boat.

Here is an "economy" suggestion with no trace of economy! Perhaps you have a little cold salmon—say, about a teacupful. Use it for CONCOMBRE A LA DANOISE, an hors d'oeuvre for four people. Cut thin strips, lengthwise, off a fattish cucumber at $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch intervals, Zebra-like. Then cut the cucumber into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rounds. With a potato baller or teaspoon, hollow them out, leaving a thin bottom layer on each. Sprinkle with salt and tarragon vinegar and leave for two hours. Drain and dry with a linen cloth.

Beat the salmon with an almost equal amount of mayonnaise. Add a tablespoon of double cream, a few drops of sherry, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and salt to taste. (An electric emulsifier would transform the mixture to a smooth mousse in a minute.) Place it in a piping bag fitted with a small rose tube and pipe it into the cucumber "moulds," reaching well above the rim of each. Garnish with mustard and cress or watercress. Allow two "moulds" per serving.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERETTA

J. ROGER BAKER

NO DOUBT PART OF THE FUN OF *Orpheus in the Underworld* at Sadler's Wells is derived from watching opera singers who for the better part of the year slave over a hot Verdi, letting their hair down. Offenbach's irreverent romp, first presented almost exactly two years ago, has been revived for a season and for my money remains the best musical in town.

I have never quite understood exactly why making fun of Greek mythology is so invariably amusing; here we discover Orpheus was very eager to get rid of his wife, that Diana was in fact mad for Actaeon and that the Father of all the Gods and his wife were just a bickering middle-aged couple. Occasionally the production (Wendy Toye via Robert Blake) lapses into vulgarity, such as the treatment of Orpheus's child pupils—men walking on their knees and using baby voices. Sometimes it becomes too esoteric as in the *couplets* describing Jupiter's metamorphoses. But there are enough touches of genuine wit and sophistication, particularly in Malcolm Pride's costumes, to compensate. And over all there is, of course, the sheer delight of Offenbach's music. Alexander Faris conducts the shimmering waltzes and wild can-cans with great spirit, though at one point the chorus did run away with him—I attribute this to sheer *joie de vivre*.

Two really outstanding production ideas still bring the house down. There is the descent to the Underworld by Underground; a piece of inspired stage-craft and lighting, and here the chorus gets go with splendid attack. Then there is the glorious moment when the final *galop* becomes a slow rock and roll with the brass in the orchestra blowing like crazy. This is a potentially dangerous gimmick, but drives an audience to a frenzy, literally stopping the show, until Pluto flicks his infernal whip at the audience to quieten it.

The new Eurydice, Miss Iris Kells, has inevitably to suffer comparison with her famous predecessor Miss June Bronhill. Vocally Miss Kells lacks the other's amazing security, but she is a wittier actress and looks delicious in her bubble bath. Among other newcomers to the cast there is an elegant Calliope in Miss Cynthia Morey, and I enjoyed Miss Joan Davies's yawning Aurora. Glamorous Olympians include Miss Irene Carpenter's Venus and Miss Suzanne Steele's endearing Diana. Mr. Eric Shilling makes a distinguished Jupiter, Miss Sheila Rex quite the funniest Juno. Mr. Kevin Miller has now characterized the title roles to such an extent I can't imagine it done better. His rival, Pluto, is Mr. Jon Weaving projecting the right degree of devilish glitter and seduction. *Orpheus* is on nightly until 12 May, then from 21 May for a final week.



Having a hell of a time; Eurydice (Iris Kells) zips into her final dance, while Pluto (Jon Weaving) looks dubious. Left: Having a heavenly time; Orpheus (Kevin Miller) and his mother Calliope (Cynthia Morey) prepare for a balloon journey to Olympus



BLOOM IN BRONTË

THE TATLER 9 May 1962 375

Claire Bloom plays the persecuted Cathy in a B.B.C. television production of *Wuthering Heights* to be screened on Friday. The play has been adapted from Emily Brontë's novel by Nigel Kneale (of *Quatermass* fame), and Rudolph Cartier produces. Heathcliff is Keith Michell, seen right, and other members of the cast include Ronald Howard, Jean Anderson and June Thorburn. Miss Bloom's last TV appearance was in Cartier's production of *Anna Karenina* last year



PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL PETO

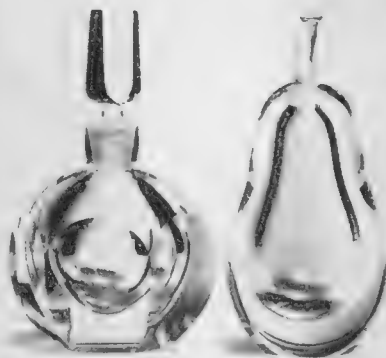




Spanking new salon in Belgravia is Aldobruno at 22 Motcomb Street (Belgravia 6135) who did the pretty spring hair shape here. The salon has a strong smack of blue to the decor with stunningly original touches—the rum & egg shampoo is kept in old whisky decanters, brightest turquoise silk covers the Louis sofa in reception. They even have pale grey flannel bows on combs to match the current predominance of flannel. The line-up of driers is off-set down one wall so that one doesn't have that curious staring-into-space feeling. And each one has a built-in ledge to one side to take the accumulation of coffee cup, magazines and bag that get in the way



Something else to steal from a man—cool, lemony eau de cologne Fraiche by Dior is strictly speaking an after-shave. But it is wonderfully refreshing to spray on whenever the temperature soars and he can't see when the liquid-line drops because the spray is cased in plated silver: £7 19s. 6d., refills for £3 19s. 6d.



Crystal clear scent bottles from Scandinavia. Pear shape by Kosta, £4 17s. 6d. Huge chunky cut one by Orrefors, £5 18s. 6d. From a choice at the Continental Glass Shop, Euston Road, who have those bigish ones with a tear drop space inside to take a precious jot of scent



International Look at Elizabeth Arden who have packed their new-looking International red lipstick and nail lacquer (brightest red—swingaway from pink lips?), International Beige powder plus give-away samples of rouge, International Beige foundation and International Blue shadow. All in a pretty transparent bag for 28s. 3d.



MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Is right so wrong?

A MAN I KNOW BET ME YEARS AGO THAT HE would drive down Piccadilly from the Ritz to the Circus on the wrong side of the road. Yes, we all do it today—most of the way, anyhow—but he did in fact get away with it 30 or so years ago. Admittedly, it was at night, and when a bobby stopped him at the far end he pretended he could not speak a word of English. Sooner or later we shall probably all be driving on the right of the road, just as we shall be reckoning in decimal coinage, buying petrol by the litre and putting the distance in kilometres on our signposts. To those who go motoring abroad it won't be too unfamiliar, but personally I shall keep off our roads for the first few Sundays after the change-over comes into force. I see that the County Surveyors' Society has suggested that 5 a.m. on a Sunday would be a good moment for an instantaneous switch—it would be something like the trip across the No Man's Land separating Sweden from Norway. As you leave one customs post and approach the other, a sign with a squiggly arrow on it indicates that you change sides, dodging oncoming traffic as you go.

If we went from left to right rule of the road, would our cars have the position of the steering wheel changed? Continental motorists sit on the left side, and can see to overtake vehicles ahead of them; when we go abroad with our right-hand-steering cars we are handicapped in this respect unless our passenger tips us off as to whether we can or cannot pull out. It seems logical to have the steering wheel on the offside of the car, and I am therefore intrigued by a pamphlet which has just reached me from Zurich. It is a report from the "Initiating Committee for Right-Hand Steering" and makes out a case for having the steering wheel on the near side of a car. Its theory is that a driver can concentrate his entire attention on the road verge and that he tends to drive more to his proper side and hug the crown of the road less, also that in fog he can "feel" his way by the verge. Nearside steering is also claimed to be safer for overtaking—which I myself find difficult to believe—and to be less prone to dazzle from approaching vehicles, therefore more likely to prevent collisions with cyclists. The suggestion is an interesting one and does make it seem feasible that if and when we fall into line and drive on the right we shall not necessarily have to scrap our existing steering wheel position. What would have to be changed over are our road signs, and that would be no mean task.

Talking about signposts, I have been looking through the latest edition of the guidebook of that name—and what an alluring publication it is. To glance at the hundreds of colour photographs of the hotels it lists, scattered over the length and breadth of England, Scotland and Wales, is to become (at any rate in my case) imbued with wanderlust. Never did I realize



The six-cylinder Fiat 2300 saloon has a remarkable range of equipment

what a wealth of picturesque places there are in these islands of ours (for the book includes the Channel Isles, Orkney and Scilly—to say nothing of Wight) where one can go and spend a happy, peaceful holiday. Congratulations to its compiler, Major W. G. McMinnies, who has spent many years bringing this guide to its present high state of excellence. *Signpost* is to be bought at most good booksellers, price 17s. 6d., and I strongly recommend it as a reliable adjunct to touring by car.

Dunlops have put a new tyre on the market at no higher price than their existing range which offers greater anti-skidding properties. Known as the C.41 Gold Seal, its tread is made of the new high-hysteresis rubber which "hugs" (as Dunlop put it) the road surface. Its sidewalls are resilient, however, thus combining the good qualities of both types of rubber and avoiding the build-up of excessive heat. An improvement of at least 25 per cent in road holding is claimed, together with a safety shoulder that resists steering "wander," and less noise from squealing when braking or cornering. Tyre life is reported to be some-

what better than with the former pattern.

An opportunity came my way recently to make a fairly lengthy run on the latest Fiat 2300 saloon, the London distributors—Jack Barclay Ltd., of Berkeley Square—having just put one in commission. It is certainly a most intriguing car to drive, its 2.3 litre six-cylinder engine developing a quite amazing amount of power yet doing it with the utmost suavely. This exciting unit is married up with a four-speed gearbox which has synchromesh on all forward speeds, and Girling disc brakes on all four wheels with vacuum servo to provide the stopping power. The magic 100 m.p.h. is attainable, and even when driven hard my petrol consumption was a full 20 m.p.g. The body is most comfortable and remarkably well equipped, with elaborate heating and demisting—not only for the windscreen but for the front door windows and back window. The front seats tip back for adjustment or to form a bed, and altogether the ingenuity of everything about the car is an eye-opener. The cost is by no means excessive at £1,438, inclusive of purchase tax at the new rate.



Slater—Mardon: Christa, daughter of the late Wing Commander J. H. Slater & the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes, of Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, was married to Mr. Kenric Mardon, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. K. La T. Mardon, of Maysmead Place, Langford, Somerset, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Walker—Wingfield Digby: Josephine Anne, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Angus Walker, of Penton Harroway, Andover, Hampshire, was married to John Kenelm, son of Mr. Simon Wingfield Digby, M.P., & Mrs. Wingfield Digby, of Haydon Gate, Sherborne, Dorset, at Chelsea Old Church



Blanks—Canterbury: Jennifer Bridget, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Blanks, of Steep, Hampshire, was married to David Edward, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Canterbury, of Steep, at Steep Church



Wadlow—Kerr-Smiley: Eleanor Jill, daughter of Commander & Mrs. P. Wadlow, of Stanton Hill, Godalming, Surrey, was married to Hector Robert, son of Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. C. H. Kerr-Smiley, of Gables Farm, Rendham, Saxmundham, Suffolk, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Miss Heirdre Senior to the Hon. Anthony Montagu: *She* is the daughter of Brig. R. H. & the Hon. Mrs. Senior of Egerton Place, S.W.3. *He* is the son of Lord Swaythling, of Bridley Manor, Worplesdon, and Mrs. Elliott Blake, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1

Miss Caroline Mary Whittington-Moë to Captain David Bagnell: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Whittington-Moë, of St. Peter, Jersey. *He* is the son of the late Capt. R. A. Bagnell, and Mrs. Bagnell, of Longdown Chase, Hindhead, Surrey



LENARE

Miss Vanda Eleanor Currie to Captain Philip Andrew Horwood: *She* is the daughter of Lieut-Col. & Mrs. J. H. C. Currie, of Portman Square, W.1. *He* is the son of Brig. & Mrs. K. Horwood, of the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea



LENARE



JOHN VICKERS

Miss Evelyn Mary Wardrop to Mr. Christopher Michael Edward Davson: *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. James Wardrop, & Mrs. Wardrop, of Cheniston Gardens, W.8. *He* is the son of the late Sir Edward Davson, Bt., & Margot Lady Davson, of Melton Court, S.W.7



YEVONDE

Miss Katherine Benita Wells to Conte Corrado de' Grassi di Pianura: *She* is the daughter of His Honour & Mrs. Bensley Wells, of Hockmoor House, Buckfastleigh, Devon. *He* is the son of the late Conte di Pianura Giuseppe de' Grassi, & of Contessa di Pianura Paola de' Grassi, of Naples



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NEW IDEAS BREAK INTO BUD WITH SPRING—so, this week, here's a roundup of news from all over. News from two couturiers: Norman Hartnell is a late starter in the field of men's accessories, but he's launched a range of about 70 silk ties from 29s. 6d. to 39s. 6d. and plans to follow these later with cravats and cummerbunds. Hardy Amies, who has a head start in men's wear, has added a new range of patterns in his ties; heavy British silks, cut on the bias, many of them woven on a black warp, many with horizontal or diagonal stripes, most with square ends, 39s. 6d. There are also new patterns in his silk handkerchiefs, 1 guinea each. News, too, from Christian Dior in Paris; the cologne that the late Christian Dior created for his own use, *Fraiche*, is now available in this country in aerosol form. No ordinary aerosol pack, though—this one is silver plated, capped in gold, and costs about £8. The refill, though, works just as well by itself, and is elegant in a simple grey finish, costs about £4. (See page 376).

The major league manufacturers are constantly adding to their ranges; *Yardley for Men*, for example, have just added a hair controller. It's a combined moisturiser, conditioner and anti-dandruff agent, which makes the hair easy to control and keep in place, without plastering it down. It is sold as a lotion (7s. 8d.) or as a

cream (5s. 2d. a jar or 4s. 1d. a tube). For thin hair the lotion is best, for thick bushy hair the cream. Like everything else in the Yardley range, the packaging is elegant. Shulton, meanwhile, have added two new polystyrene packs for their *Old Spice* after-shave talcum and body talcum—6s. 6d. each. The body talcum has an effective deodorant added to it.

Back to Hardy Amies for a moment, and to his designs for Radiac shirts. One of these is now available with broad horizontal stripes, in blue, brown or charcoal, with white attached collar and cuffs. £3 19s. 6d. from Simpson in Piccadilly or R. Pinkin in Mount Street. The corollary to this shirt is provided by Washington Tremlett in Conduit Street, with a *plain* Sea Island cotton shirt that has a *striped* collar and cuffs; £5 19s. 6d. For those who, like myself, are beginning to get a little tired of stripes, Radiac have a shirt in small gingham checks, grey or navy, with the white collar and cuffs that are growing in popularity on patterned shirts.

The would-be latterday Midas can now get a gold electro-plating kit that works off a torch battery (as what doesn't these transistorised days?). Gold salts are applied to metal by a special conducting brush; chrome and silver is available to simpler folk at a lower price—the true golden glitter costs 57s. 6d. from Gamages

in Holborn. It might be fun to gold-plate ordinary nuts and bolts and use them as cufflinks.

Gieves celebrate spring by launching a cocktail jacket in French brocade. They offer a choice of dark blue with wine collar and cuffs, or vice versa; £9 19s. 6d.. The jacket is comfortable with three patch pockets and a tie-belt.

There seems to be some return in popularity to the riding trouser. Unlike riding breeches or jodhpurs, they don't bulge above the knee, but are cut more like blue overall trousers, buckling with leather straps below the instep of the boots. I had a pair made about seven years ago by Drostle in Shaftesbury Avenue. They have worn exceptionally well; Drostle will make them either for the purpose they were designed for, or for wearing when one has no intention of going within a mile of a horse.

If anyone wants to jump the gun, this sort of trouser needs the simplicity of a Wellington or George boot—something like the Grenadier half-boot with a chisel toe; Russell & Bromley in Bond Street, 5 gns. The socks that go under could well be Wolsey's new *Teamsters*—a range of Bri-nylon socks in fourteen colours. Half-hose, 6s. 11d., ankle length, 5s. 11d. These socks have a ventilation panel in the instep, woven under the sole of the foot.

After the Theatre
there's still time for
a superb meal!

PRUNIER

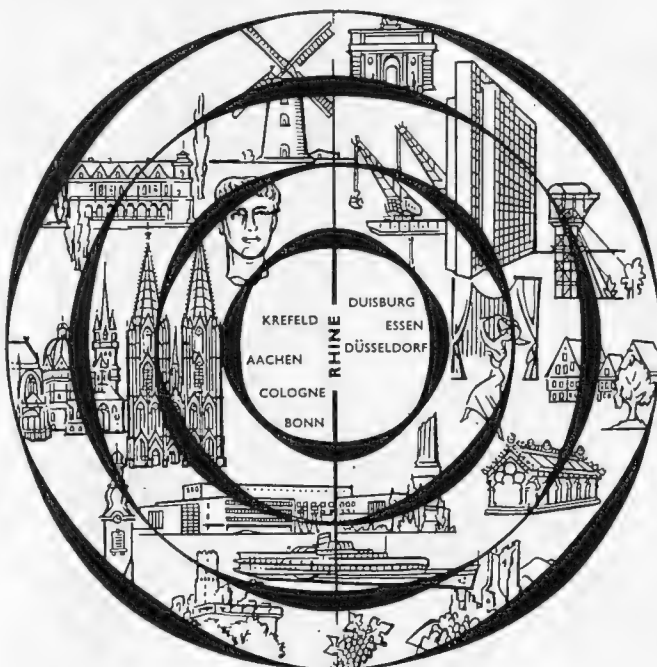
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Albert Adair

Savonnerie survey

AFTER MY ARTICLE ON AUBUSSON CARPETS which appeared last year, I was requested to follow it with a note on Savonnerie carpets. I have chosen, to represent this equally well known type of French carpet, a rare 18th century example, and as in the case of the Aubusson, it also is in the possession of the Vigo Art Galleries, London, W.1. It is rare as it only measures 12 feet by 8 feet 10 inches, its original size never having been cut down, and secondly it is doubtful whether any carpet expert would categorically claim that this was woven either in France or in England.

Savonnerie or "knotted pile" carpets, commonly known in the trade as "hand tufted carpets," were being produced in France early in the 17th century. Many of the weavers were brought from Turkey where the craft of weaving pile carpets had been in existence for many years. In 1627 Pierre du Pont, Upholsterer to King Henri IV, was granted a Warrant "For the manufacture of every sort of carpet and Levantine work whether in gold, silver and silk or in ferret and wool." Du Pont enlisted the services of Simon Lourdet, a master craftsman

who worked on his own accord, and together they acquired a site at La Colline de Chaillot, just outside Paris, one which had previously housed a soap factory—hence the name Savonnerie which became applied to all carpets and rugs manufactured there.

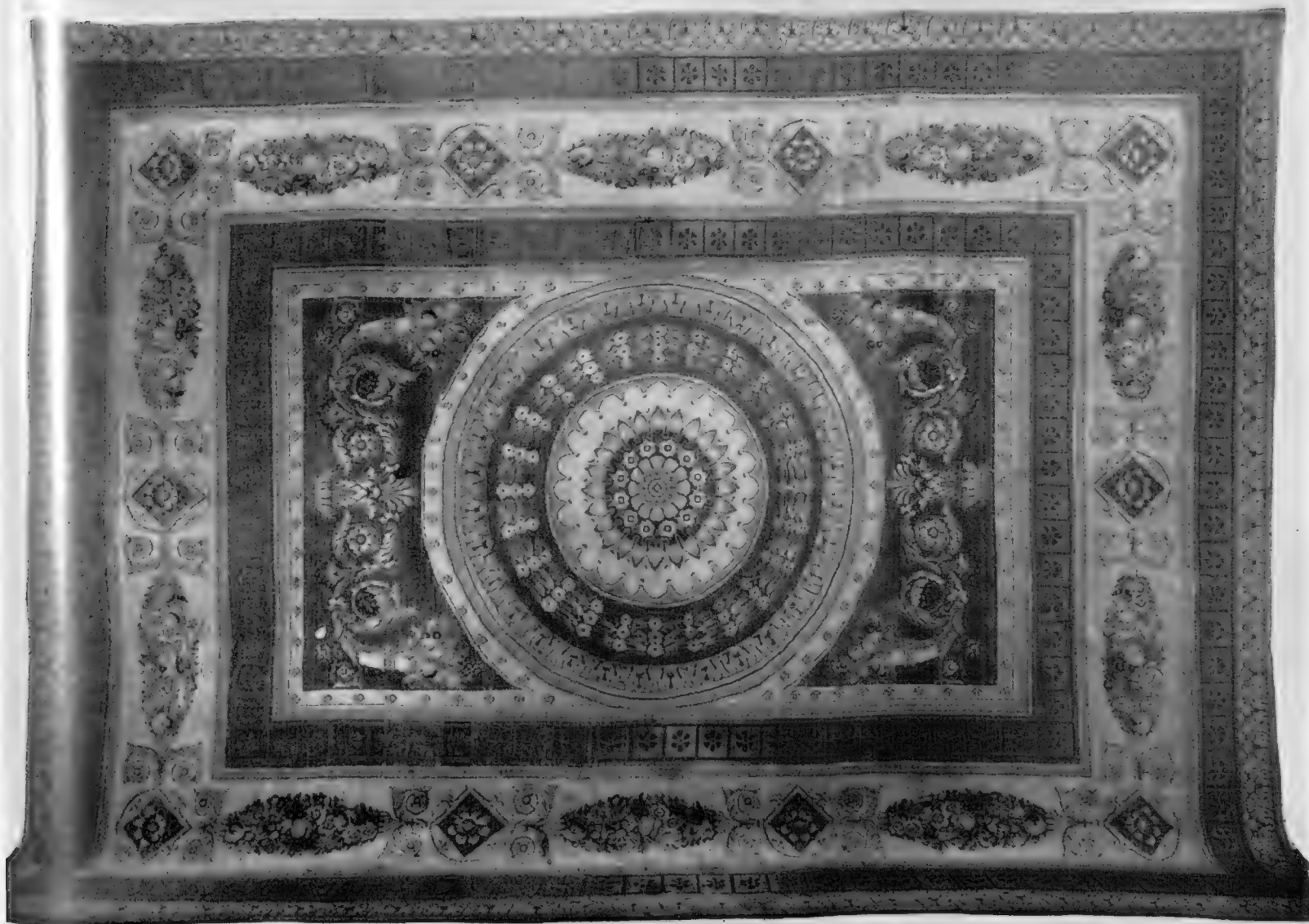
Savonnerie carpets were first woven in traditional Turkish designs but gradually designs were evolved which would better suit French decoration and furnishings, altering as time progressed to harmonize with French tendencies.

Meanwhile, in the early part of the 18th century, Huguenot refugees were drifting to England where various weavers were already flourishing and often their products had a strong French influence. Frequently differences in design are only in the eye of the beholder and it is difficult to be certain whether some late 18th century carpets are French or English. The one I illustrate is a good instance of this. It has an "old rose" background, the inner guard borders being made of rosettes, the main borders of flowers and fruits, the field with cornucopias in the four corners filled with fruit and flowers, and

the medallion with roses and leaves—in short it is a really beautiful carpet.

An excellent reproduction of a carpet belonging to the Duke of Devonshire is shown in Mr. C. E. C. Tattersall's book *A History of British Carpets*. This is uncannily similar in design to the one shown, being described as late 18th century, having Turkish knots. But it is 24 feet 10 inches long and 20 feet 9 inches wide. According to the author of the book "this carpet may be of Axminster weaving but it is not absolutely certain that it is not foreign work, but the doubt will probably yield to further research." However, I can assure readers that up to date no conclusive definition as to its origin has yet been reached.

Note for the novice.—When assessing a carpet the elementary feature which should be uppermost in mind is that Savonnerie carpets have a wool pile, whereas Aubussons are smooth and free of pile, also beware, as many clever reproductions are about. And a final warning: Do not go chasing after the one described as I have just been informed that it has been sold to a private collector in England.



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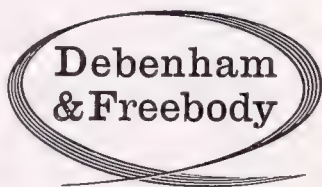
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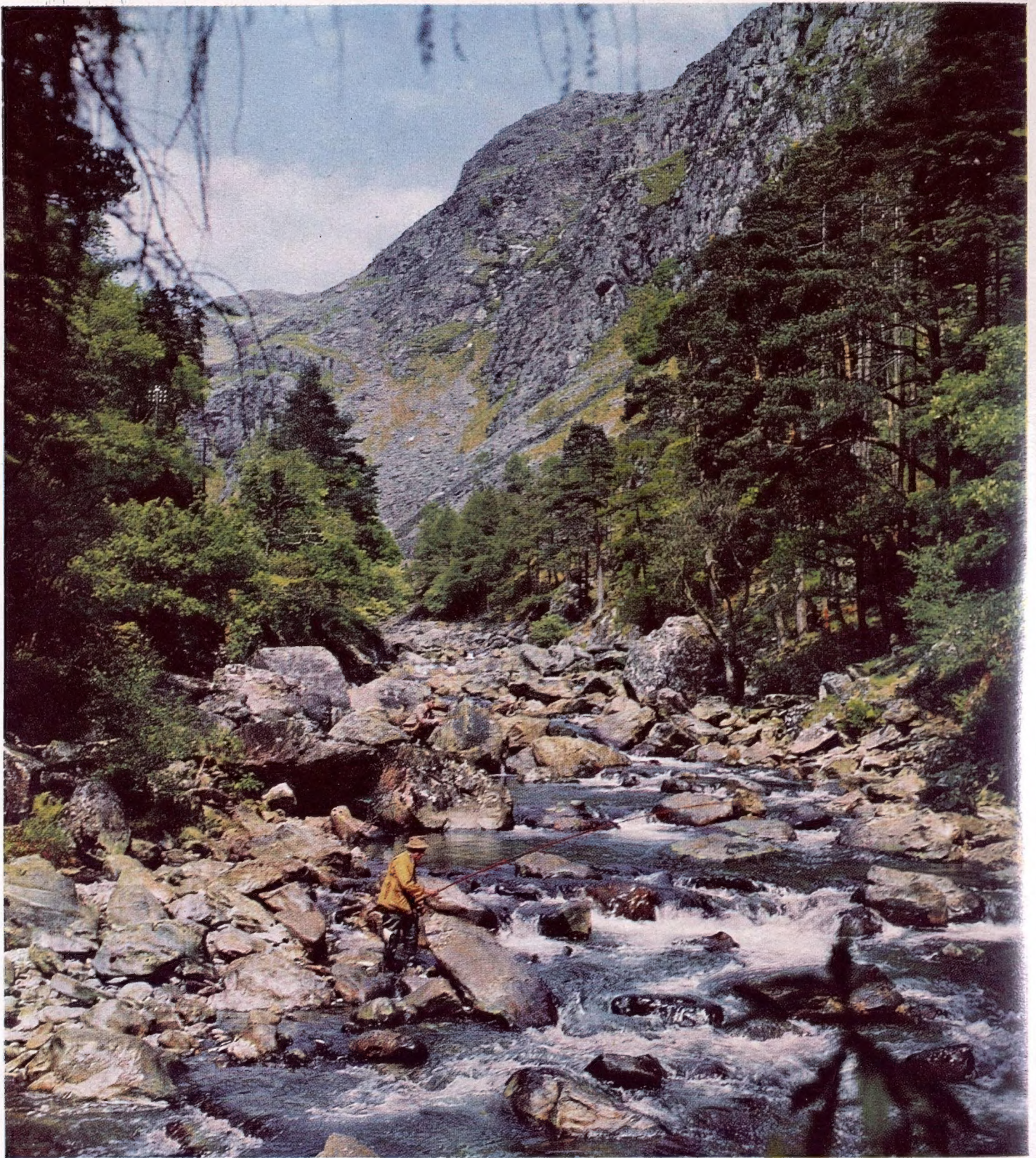
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